CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE new department *Books and Their Makers* which starts with this issue of CANADA MONTHLY, has a two-fold purpose. First to give timely information about the latest publications in the Canadian field to book lovers. Second to foster a patriotic sentiment in favor of our own writers. As explained in the Editor's note which prefaces the department in this issue, this department will deal with two or three outstanding features of the month in the book world and will give several others shorter mention. Perhaps some of our readers will not agree with certain of *Bookshelf's* ideas on books. If you as a reader have such a difference, write the Editors about it. Comment of this sort will help to make this department what the Editors hope for it—a department that is close to every subscriber.

The month of February, with its chill winds and bleak snow drifts, creates more gardens than any other month of the year, according to a horticultural specialist. He doubtless had in mind the hours the home owner enjoys before the open fire place, looking over the seed catalogs and making plans for the flower garden or the shrubs and vines which are to be set out next spring—the plans for making the home a dearer, happier place for the family. Following this theory the Editors have secured an interesting article which will be presented in the February issue. It deals with the home yard—the flower garden, the decorative shrubs, the flowering vines. It is written from the viewpoint of the amateur and it is chock full of valuable information for both the beginner and the home gardener of several years' experience.

Have you solved *The Gregory Morton Mystery?* It began in the December issue. The present installment of this great mystery story gives one or two clues. In fact the author almost leads us to believe the mystery is about to be cleared. In the February installment however, we are brought face to face with still deeper mystery.

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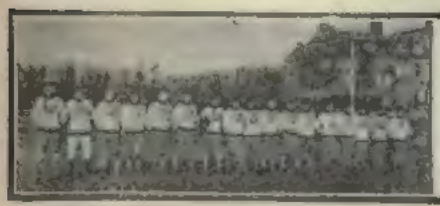

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Large Playing Fields. Excellent Situation.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.,
Calendar sent on application. Headmaster

The newly-married pair were seated in a cosy armchair before the fire.

"Dearest," said the young bride, "have you any secrets you hide from your little wifey?"

"None, my pet!" replied hubby proudly.

"Then I, too, will have no secrets from you!" said the lady in heroic tones.

"What, have you a secret?" he asked in a startled voice.

"Only one; and I am going to tell it to you."

There was a long pause; then——

"Go on!" he muttered hoarsely.

"For some weeks," said wifey slowly, "I have had a secret longing for a new costume and hat to match for a New Year's present."

Needless to say she got it.

~

Traveller: "Oh, yes, we had many narrow escapes. In the course of one voyage we were driven upon an island where the natives were reported to be cannibals, and we gave up in despair."

Excited Listener: "But how did you escape?"

Traveller: "It turned out that the natives were vegetarians."

Excited Listener: "And so you were all permitted to depart."

Traveller: "All but one woman in our company. She was a grass widow, you see."

~

A well-known author has adopted the rule that all applicants for his autograph must furnish satisfactory proof that they have read his books. A young girl recently wrote to the novelist for his autograph. By return of post came a single typewritten line:

"Have you read my last book?"

To which the young lady replied:

"I sincerely hope not."

The autograph came promptly.

~

A young lady who was going out to New Zealand to get married, went to a West End dressmaker for her trousseau. The dressmaker suggested a warm one. The young lady asked why, seeing that the climate of New Zealand is a beautifully mild one.

The dressmaker replied: "I assure you, madam, you are mistaken, for that is where the frozen meat comes from."

The magistrate took a very serious view of the matter. Looking over the desk, he fixed the wretched creature in the dock with a glance warranted to quell.

"Prisoner," he said pompously, "you stand there charged with begging."

The prisoner looked very sorry for himself, but ventured to offer a protest.

"Your worship," he whined, "I have never begged."

His worshipful worship grew fiercer and fiercer, like the bear in the fairy story, and words failed him.

"Never, your honour," continued the prisoner. "It was not my fault if, while holding out my hand, to feel if it were raining, a lady dropped a penny into it."

"A month !" snapped the magistrate.

And it was so.

~

"Yes, it was a very bad case," said the oculist reminiscently. "Do what I could the poor fellow still had trouble with his eyes."

"What was the matter ?" asked his friend.

"You see, he saw everything double," explained the eye-doctor. "He had to give up his berth at the bank because he couldn't add the figures correctly."

"Oh, how sad ! Poor man, what did he do ?"

"It wasn't so bad for him in the end," said the great man, with a chuckle. "You see, a gas company heard about his case, and offered him good pay to go round and read their meters for them !"

~

The teacher was very earnest—far more so than his pupils—and the subject was about the terrible outcome of laziness and idleness.

With due solemnity, as befitted the occasion, he drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who dislikes work, and who cadges for all he gets.

"Now, Charlie," said the teacher to a little boy who had been looking out of the window instead of attending closely to the lesson.

Charlie was instantly on the alert.

"Tell me," continued the master, "who is the miserable individual who gets clothes, food, and lodging, and yet does nothing in return ?"

Charlie's face brightened.

"Please, sir," said he, "the baby !"

~

They were discussing the new lodger.

"He slips in and out of the house so quietly," said the grass-widow boarder, "that I think he must have been a married man once."

"Perhaps it is that," says Mrs. Hashcroft, as a troubled look came over her face, "and maybe he is in the habit of getting behind with his board."

10 Pounds of Happiness in these Tins of

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10 pounds of *deliciousness*, when eaten on Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Muffins, Hot Biscuits or good wholesome Bread.

10 pounds of *goodness*, too, because "Crown Brand" is a nourishing, body-building *food*.

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Your dealer has "Crown Brand" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—

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Overland 75 Touring Car

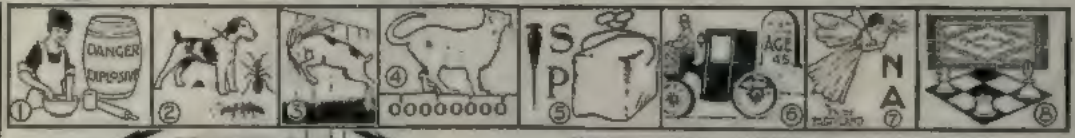
$1000.00 in other Fine Prizes

First Prize 1917 5-Passenger Overland Touring Car, Completely Equipped.

What groceries did Brown advertise?

List of Groceries kept in John Brown's Store

Apples
Catsup
Biscuits
Pickles
Tea
Tomatoes
Allspice
Baking Powder
Coffee
Farina
Rolled Oats
Stove Blacking
Dates
Cabbage
Flour
Matches
Soap
Molasses
Butter
Mustard
Borax
Oranges
Sugar
Vinegar



HERE'S A REAL PUZZLER FOR WISE HEADS

JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's Store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels, and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea, and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (currants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list at the left of the picture by way of suggestion can you find what the other twelve represent?

2nd Prize—Famous Indian Motorcycle. Value $300.00

1917 Overland Touring Car

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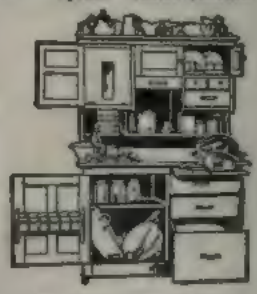
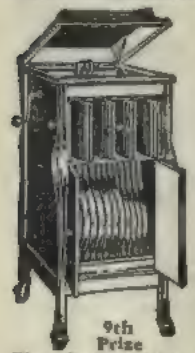
Handsome Mahogany Dressing Table	Wrist Watch
and a host of other Grand Prizes too numerous to mention here.	Beautiful Sets of Books

BIG COMPLETE PRIZE LIST SENT TO YOU DIRECT

3rd Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value $60.00



6th Prize—Famous "Hoosier Beauty" Kitchen Cabinet



9th Prize Fine Cabinet Phonograph Complete With 6 Records

4th Prize—Genuine Singer Drop Head Sewing Machine

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE TO ALL
You are not asked to spend a cent of money or buy anything

A FEW HINTS—To aid you a little a suggested list of groceries kept in Brown's Store is alongside the picture. A good plan is to study the list and write down the name which in your opinion best fits each picture. All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trademark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures. Note that 10 points toward the prizes are given for each correct answer and that if your answers gain only 200 points you win first prize. (See Rules).

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Frankly this great event is intended to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Every Woman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. If the company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.
2. Boys and Girls under 16 years of age are not allowed to compete. Nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives or friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
4. If different members of a family compete, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 200 Points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and 50 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close April 30th, 1917, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.
6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe. For this service, the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.
7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entries are from a subscriber or not.

Address, Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited

121 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Little Betty and her mother were having lunch. One of the dishes was sardines, and mother thought she saw a chance of inflicting one of those nice, useful object-lessons on her child.

"These little fish, my dear," she began, in her kindest voice, "are sometimes chased by the larger fish."

Betty gazed at the sardines in silent surprise for a moment, and mother thought she was swallowing her words of wisdom.

Then the dear little maid burst out: "But, mother, how do the larger fish get the tins open?"

—

He was a mean man, quite mean, in fact. The other day he called upon his grocer, and made several purcheses; but, even when he had paid his bill and received his parcels, he was not satisfied.

"Please wrap up all my goods!" he ordered severely.

"I have done so," replied the grocer, in a pained and saddened voice.

"But you haven't!" persisted the mean man.

The grocer scratched his head in perplexity.

"That thumb of yours," raved the customer, "you weighed with my butter The other you weighed with my bacon! Wrap 'em up, please!"

Then, as a crowning afterthought, he added:

"They'll do for the dog!"

—

The workman was engaged in excavating operations, he was digging.

The wayfarer of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?"

The workman looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed wayfarer, "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Saturday," replied the workman, and resumed operations.

—

The Assistant: "The Professor is in the laboratory conducting some chemical experiments. The Professor expects to go down to posterity."

(From the laboratory): "Br-r-r Bang!"

The Visitor: "I hope the Professor hasn't gone."

How shall I wear my watch?

THE DISAPPEARING EYE

WHAT an added pleasure its convenience gives to the wearing of a Watch. In an instant you can change your Waltham from a wrist watch to a regular watch, and wear it in a variety of pleasing ways. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight when its use as a wrist watch is not desired. Your Jeweler will gladly show them to you in a variety of grades, as low as $18.

Write for the booklet "Concerning a Timepiece,"

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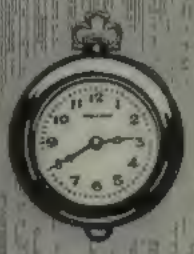

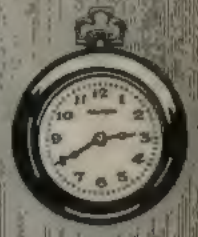

Waltham Convertible with disappearing eye

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EYE CLOSED when worn as a regular watch

Ask your jeweler to show you The Waltham Convertible Wristlet Watch

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Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned, unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches, or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY ∴ TORONTO, ONT.

Powder by day as often as you like—

—but do let your skin breathe by night

If you really want to have and keep the charm of "a skin you love to touch" don't, *don't*, go to bed a single night with powder flakes still lodged in the delicate pores!

They are sure to clog these wee breathing places of the skin and make them grow coarse and large. A dry rubbing or grease cleansing merely force the powder flakes, mingled with dirt and oil, deeper into the pores causing blackheads and blemishes. Instead—

Spend five minutes this way tonight

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face *with the cake itself* just as a man does with a shaving stick. Wet the tips of your fingers and work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather gently into the pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, finish by rubbing the face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. For a sensitive skin substitute a dash of *ice water* for the ice itself.

Use this treatment *persistently* and powder as much as you like. Your complexion *cannot help* taking on step by step that permanent clearness, freshness and charm which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get *your* cake today.

Write today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** 712 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Try Woodbury's Facial Powder, too. Four tints. Special two-part box, 25c everywhere.

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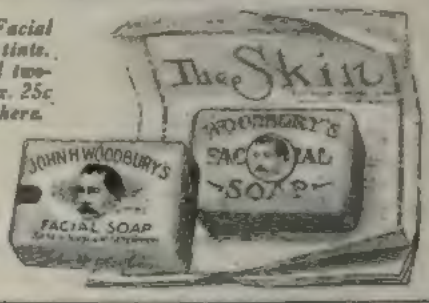

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

VOL. XXI.
NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JAN.

Molly Up the Mountain

By Lucille Borden

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

LISTLESSLY as she did everything, Judith took the letter from Miss Kent's hand and dropped it in her lap, without so much as glancing at it.

Across the avenue a few hardy sparrows were disputing their right to places on the snow-clad boughs in the park.

As she turned to watch them again it came over her vaguely that the nurse had hesitated in giving the letter, had made a little impulsive movement afterwards as if to take it back. It really didn't matter. Her eyes almost unconsciously sought the address, and then beyond control the color flared to her cheeks. She waited for the burning glow to die out before speaking; "I don't need anything now Miss Kent." You may go if you like. Please close the door."

The doctor was waiting outside.

"Well?" he asked.

"She changed color when she saw the writing and said that I might go. It's the first order she has given me."

"Suppressed emotion. I was right. The next phase nervous prostration. I think we have the case pretty well in hand. She may not call you for a long time but be ready to answer when she does. I'll stop in on my way back from the hospital."

Judith listened for the click of the door then got up and quietly turned the key. Her secret was her own; she would not endure prying eyes. If the blow had to fall she would meet it alone. Her breath came and went as she tried to force the envelope open with a hand that shook.

Listlessly as she did everything, Judith took the letter from Miss Kent's hand and dropped it in her lap, without so much as glancing at it

WITH every nerve taut she sat upright on her couch by the window and started to read.

February 28th, 1916.

Up the Mountain.

My Judith dear:

You are so persistently in my mind that I can't shake you out of it. I didn't mean to play you a nasty trick. I didn't know. It was only last night I found out. It really was your own fault for being so secretive. Why were you?

But then, why was Cameron? There are some families who tell everything they know and others who are all born reticent. We always talked over everything and as I look back over the years and years, I realize it was I who did all the telling and you who did all the listening. You must have thought me an awful fool and a worse than egoist. If I ever prayed for discretion it never came. Silence usually helps, but it wasn't right of you Judith in this case. It wasn't fair to me, your best friend, it wasn't fair to Cameron, and above all it was not air to Eric Stafford.

If you'd only hinted at it when you gave us the letter to him everything would have been all right, but we thought he was merely one of all the people you met and liked when you were in London, and let it go at that. If my letter is a jumble forgive it, there

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It was nine o'clock before we realized that we were hungry and that it was no use foraging; that we could not spend the night up there together and that after that night nothing in life or death could ever separate us again

is so much to say and I hardly know how or where to begin.

Out of all the confidences of a girl's life there is usually one, the biggest one, she keeps to herself. I think your being Cameron's sister made me shy about telling you the things he—didn't say. There wasn't much the others said and did, I didn't let you know, he was different. You must have seen it, I've loved him all my life. It began up here in the riotous summers when he taught me to swim in the grassy, froggy pond and not to be afraid. Then in the winters, those never-to-be-forgotten winters when Father stole us away in his sleigh and Mother stayed fashionably in town, he taught me how to skate and use the skis and snow shoes and we lived like glorified Indians, he was my Big Chief. You remember that was what we called him. It was play to you, but little as I was, he was my Big Chief then and he has never been anything else to me. The year I came out no party was a real party without him. If he wasn't there, then I wanted you. You seemed like a part of him—and you always will be, Judith.

Two things happened to baffle me. I suppose the first couldn't be called a definite thing unless it was in my own imagination, but he never seemed to care. Of course he danced with me, and played all the games, but he did the same with all the other girls. I was horribly jealous at times, not of any one in particular but just because I couldn't seem to hold him.

Then we went abroad. That was Mother. Father really did not want to go. The old mountain drew him as it did me, winter or spring or summer or autumn. Even on the ship we'd close our eyes and pretend we were there. Sometimes we'd find clumps of arbutus on the rocks, and fill our arms full of laurel. Father would tell me where to put it; then we'd open our eyes to find a steward standing in front of us with a tray of salty tea. It was dreadful at first. London began by not being too dull, then it grew lovable. Lord Eric was most kind and Father found him congenial. Between his title and his fabulous richness Mother believed him a sort of archangel. I didn't think much about him at all though he gave me a beautiful time and followed us from England to Italy.

POOR Father grew ill in Rome you know, and Lord Eric did everything a man or a friend could do, and after Father died I somehow turned to him. I wanted to come home then but Mother would not. It was quite two years later you know, after Egypt. I don't believe we would have come home when we did if it hadn't been for the property.

Eric said he wanted to see America and would Mother object to his sailing for America on our ship? Mother would not, would be glad to have him, so he came.

At first he spoke constantly of you and asked all sorts of questions, some of them absurd I thought, except that the English of one's own world are so very simple and direct. He thinks you are very like me, but I think it is because we are the only American girls he has ever known at all well. He had never made love to me in our travelling together here, there, and everywhere; it was only after we had sailed that I began to notice a certain intensity in things that I had perhaps taken before as a matter of course. Mother stayed in her cabin the first days out and Eric and I were together a great deal. I must say this about him; he never bored me, and was tactful enough to go away when he saw I would rather read or dream.

Then, out of a clear sky he proposed to me. I said no. I said it for two days. But I had reckoned without Eric. He

had never, as far as I knew, been refused anything, and he simply would not believe me.

On the third day I began to think about it seriously. Cameron had written exactly two letters and sent me three Christmas cards in the three years we had been away. One of the letters was condolences about Father. Being a chatterbox I had written him regularly, sometimes pouring out all my troubles without even expecting an answer—though I was disappointed when no answers came. Suppose, just suppose he were in love with some one else? Suppose it was not in him to love anything but his ambition, his literary aspirations? I began to weigh up my own nasty little balance; your brother's nebulous career and all that Eric was—and could be to me. My little-girl-hood died in the weighing. That night I put on a frock designed for me in Paris—tulle, the shade of a starlit sky with a diamond crescent at my breast. The stars *were* there, and the sky and faint music—and—Eric. I promised to marry him as soon as possible. The next morning with the sunlight flashing everywhere, he gave me something he had had made for me in Egypt, hoping I would wear it, a ring with two little diamond sphinxes holding a flaming deep ruby between them. It was very beautiful but oh, so heavy.

There are some families who tell everything they know, and others who are born reticent. We always talked over everything

WHEN I caught sight of you and Cameron on the wharf a little fiend took possession of me. All the jealousy I had suffered, Cameron should suffer too, so I flirted deliberately with Eric as we leaned together on the railing though even then I noticed how he watched you. Looking back into a subconscious mind, I remember how pale you were and how alarmingly lovely. But the thing that struck me forcibly was the look on Cameron's face. He never even glanced at Eric. His eyes looked into mine and looked and looked with the expression I had hoped to find there years before, and he took both my hands in his and told me that I was to go with him, he would take me home. Then I heard Eric's voice say: "Give me your keys Molly, I will attend to everything." I handed them to him realizing that this man had the right to tell me to do things and I must do them at his bidding all my life, and that standing beside me was Cameron, *Cameron* who was all the world to me and that he had no right at all. Do you remember that we left you standing there? Of course you do. You were with Mother and Eric. We didn't go home. It was a taxi and Cameron shouted to the driver, "The Park, and drive till I tell you to stop!"

Well, we drove and drove and he told me in an outburst all the reason he had never let me know before. All that he had in the world had been his love and the little wind-swept camp up the mountain. Even now he didn't have a great deal, but it was enough; his successful book, a professorship at Yale—*and* the camp for summer times. He told me how you had finally consented to live with your mother's sister when he had gone to New Haven, and how she wanted you to stay with her always.

His not writing had been a terrible trial to him and of me. As you see, I failed. But how was I to know?

I let him talk. I was starved, Judith, starved through and through for the very thing I was getting and couldn't take.

When he had told it all, and waited, surprised at my silence, I just drew off my glove and held out my left hand for him to see that hateful blazing ruby.

He turned white, set his lips and sat perfectly still for a moment, then quietly opened the window and called to the driver: "Nine East Fifth-fifth Street as fast as you can."

We swung around corners at the most outrageous rate and I didn't care whether we were killed or not. I don't believe Cameron did either.

Mother was distinctly not pleased with me when I got in but I was beyond even Mother's displeasure.

NEXT day when you came you told me that Cameron had gone back

to New Haven. Knowing you both so well I was certain he had told you nothing of what had happened. Then Mother began to get ready for the wedding. It was the way you took that wedding that completely deceived me.

I shall never forget the day my wedding dress came home. You said it was too beautiful for anyone in the world but me under the circumstances. When I asked you what circumstances, you said "Eric" and laughed.

I thought you meant because of what he is, and has, and could make me, but now I know it was Eric himself you meant.

As the day came nearer and nearer I began to grow homesick to death for the mountain. All the concentrated joy of the years lay for me between two tumble-down camps. The pungently spicy smell of summer weeds and wild flowers that belonged nowhere else, the aroma of burning pine cones came over me like a spell.

Finally I decided. I would make some excuse on the day of Eric's batchelor dinner—pretend I wanted to spend that last night at the convent, and go —alone to my mountain.

Mother seemed to think a day and night of utter quiet would be the best thing for me, so I packed my suit-case and made straight for Millerton.

When I arrived I went to a livery stable and told the man in charge that I wanted to go up the mountain for spruce boughs. Could he let me take a horse and buckboard? He was a trusting person and sent me off with his old nag and delapidated turnout without question. The nearer I came to the spicy hemlocks and pines and spruce, the silly old pond and the clouds, the higher my spirits rose, and I dreamed of a time, Eric off with some men at his shooting in Scotland, when I might come home to my mountain and play I was a little girl again.

It was growing twilight when my antique Pegasus pulled around the curve at the top. The sun, not knowing in the least how I felt about it, was going to give me a wedding present, the most gorgeous sunset I had ever seen. I sat there, the reins lying loose in my hands, absorbing its beauty and its fragrance. Then, Judith, something happened.

I HAD been so wrapt in my dreams that the scent of burning wood seemed part of them. Gradually it came over me that if there were smoke on the mountain, I could not be alone, and when I saw that it came from your own camp chimney, I realized that something must be wrong. It never occurred to me to be afraid. I hopped down and tiptoed across the snow to the windows.

All I could see was that there was a fire in the big living room, nothing else. Ghosts, even happy ones, couldn't make a fire like that so I crept around to the door to find out who it could be.

I saw a man lying in front of it, flat on his face.

If you've ever heard a man sob, Judith—well—you don't want to hear it a second time.

Do you remember those dreadful old yellow boots of mine with cleets in the soles? We used to tramp over the mountain, you, and Cameron and I, and you made fun of my feet because they were so huge, and comfortable in those boots, do you remember?

I missed one at the end of my last summer on the mountain and thought one of the dogs had run off with it.

Well, one of the dogs hadn't. The man lying on the floor had it in his hand, and was sobbing over it.

Judith, it was Cameron. I stood there paralysed. I couldn't say a word, I couldn't move.

At last I could bear it no longer. I loved him more than anything in all the world and nobody made any difference. I went to him as if everything had always been perfectly simple, with no Eric at all. When I leaned down to gather his poor head in my arms he jumped as if he'd been shot and stood towering over me.

Then he said "Molly!" just once, and dropped the boot.

We talked and talked and talked and all shadows, all differences, all silly pride and misunderstandings fell away. I told him how it was about Eric.

It was nine o'clock before we realized that we were hungry and that it was no use foraging, that we couldn't spend the night up there together, and that after that night, nothing in life or death could ever separate us again, so we decided to go down.

Pegasus had disappeared.

We hunted, we called, we looked everywhere, all in vain.

Then Cameron said: "It wouldn't be the first time we'd footed it. How about it Molly?"

So I said "Come along," and we started. Half way down we overtook Pegasus. He had evidently decided that he was going home early, no matter what we did.

His eyes as we climbed into the old buckboard, were amused and condescending. I think I will buy Pegasus. He's such a part of my romance.

Cameron dropped me at the Lake Inn and went alone to Millerton where he put up for the night.

We were married in the beautiful little Salisbury church yesterday, Judith. It was only afterwards that he told me about you, and Eric. He was rather splendid about that as he is about everything, and oh! indeed, my dear, dear Heart, I never dreamed.

Eric had never loved me, never really. He had been pushed into the affair by a combination of propinquity, Mother, and my flirting with him, for I did do it in a crazy moment.

There is nothing quite as upsetting to a girl as the flattering interest of a much older man.

Then besides, Eric is at the top of things in England. It all meant a great deal to me whose heart was smothered over what I thought to be Cameron's utter indifference. Nothing mattered much.

I suppose Eric, being human, was flattered too, because I, twenty years younger, made love to him deliberately, and Mother encouraged him.

Looking at things in retrospect I realize what his expression meant when he saw you at the dock—but being a good sport, he went ahead with his bargain.

Cameron told me you had vowed never to marry until he had a home of his own and someone to care for him. He has both now Judy, even if for the present the home is nothing but a few loose boards and a fireplace on top of a windy sweet mountain.

And it's here that we are going to stop until Eric has taken my best friend away, and that Mother misses me so that she will receive us both for better or for worse!

The only wedding present I ask of you, and with all my heart I beg for it, is that you will forgive me. I was only an episode, a mistaken interlude.

I know now that that was *all* I was.

Cameron and I love you dearly, dearly.

Your sister,
Molly.

* * *

"Do you think we had better force the door?"

"Not yet. She has probably not had her sleep out. You say she has suffered from insomnia for three weeks?"

"Quite. But it is three hours since I gave her the letter and all the knocking has not disturbed her."

With the sound of a bell pealing through the quiet house, Judith fully dressed and radiant opened the door.

"Lord Eric Stafford has just driven up in his motor. I saw him from the window. Please tell the butler I am not at home to anyone else while he is here."

"Are you going down to the drawing room? Are you strong enough?"

"Why not?"

Tommy Canuck After the Great War

By H. M. Tandy

Illustrated from Photographs

GERMANY wants peace. So do we—God knows we do. But as this is written the Allies are seeing to it that Germany's recently loosened Peace Dove, bristling with threats and screaming frightfullness, shall find no spot on which to alight. Peace when she does come, must come as the out-rider of Victory, and the "consciousness of victory" is as strong in us as in them.

But, soon or late, Peace will come. And when it does Canada will have her own particular and acute problems to face, and prominent among them will be that of supplying some half million men, the cream of our people, with homes and work that is both profitable and congenial.

These men have preferred claims to consideration. To meet the situation we who stayed at home will have to display some of the ingenuity, enthusiasm and effort in providing for their future that we are at present lavishing on recruiting.

We cannot force these men back to the land, nor can we argue them back into taking this step. We must make our case as alluring as possible and lay it before them. They will go if they want to—not otherwise. They have done their duty, so we cannot appeal to them on patriotic grounds to "Take this farm and work it for your country's sake and your own."

There is no use disguising the fact that in many quarters farming has a bad name. It is considered hard, unprofitable and uncongenial work. Those who dwell in cities are apt to group themselves about the portrait of "the Man with the Hoe" sigh in pity and go their several ways.

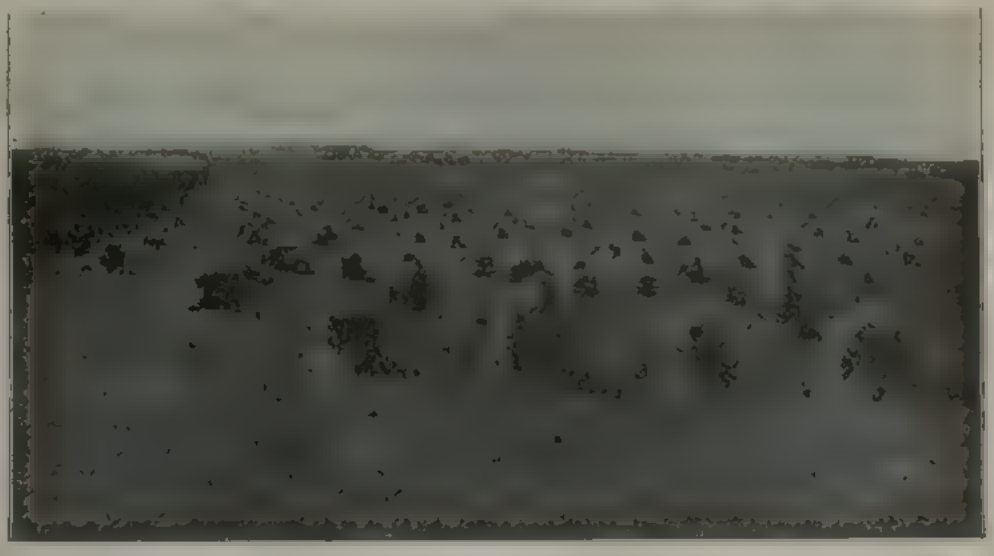
ARE these the facts? Should men regard farming as the last of all vocations to seek and the first to avoid? If this is so can we, as an honorable people ask those who fought for us to take up such a life?

It is not the intention here to discuss the economic side of providing farms for returned soldiers, or the problems of finance and organization involved, but simply to throw some glimmer of light on the question—Are we justified in asking our returned soldiers to go onto the land?

Any extensive efforts in this direction must of necessity be made in Western Canada, particularly in the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, where lie millions of acres of open, fertile land. But in order to induce returned soldiers to settle there we must, to my mind, proceed "something in this manner.

Farming requires an investment in land, buildings, outfit and stock. This, as a matter of finance, is comparatively easy of solution.

Farming requires knowledge, of which commodity we have an unlimited supply in the Agricultural Colleges and stations throughout both west and east.



Millions of open fertile lands in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

So the situation, broadly speaking, is this—some glorious day Tommy will be coming home, hundreds and thousands of him, and the scalp of Germany will be dangling at his belt. He will accept our thanks and our applause graciously. Then he will peel off his tunic, roll up his sleeves and enquire "Well, what's to do?"

We will then produce our list and read "Brown & Smith, Iron Moulders, can use 15 men. Pots & Pans, who make enamel ware, can use 17 men. Greenleaf & Sons want 50 men for their lumber camps" and so on "or you can go farming as per Government Bulletin No. 15."

Tommy having no experience in farming and believing it to be a most undesirable state of existence, will join the staff of Pots & Pans and pass up, unconsciously, the chance of a life time.

For the truth is that Farming is better than a job with Pots & Pans, better than working in Greenleaf's lumber camps, and has it over the Brown & Smith proposition like a tent IF MEN ONLY REALIZED IT.

Pitching hay is not work for the under developed.

A farmer works long hours? Yes it is true he does, but most of the employees of Pots & Pans rise painfully at 5.30 a. m. in order to "ring in" an hour and a half later. Makers of time recording clocks have never yet been able to work up a profitable business among the farmers.

"Farm work is hard work," one so often reads. Well maybe. Pitching hay or loading sheaves is not work for the underdeveloped it's true, nor is playing pool suitable training for shovelling grain. But on the other hand riding a sulky plow, a binder or a mower would seem like a happy outing to the men who work for Greenleaf & Sons, and farming in Western Canada in a yearly average, throughout the seasons, is just as pleasant and interesting work as man can find to do on earth.

THIS war has been called "The Great Adventure," and the aptness of the phrase applies most of all to those who left "office jobs" to fight. In Canada and England, and in every country no doubt, there is a class of boys who take to "office jobs" spontaneously, in many cases co-incident with the donning of long trousers. The supply of office help, prior to the war at least, was always ample. Boys in cities and in the country, alas, sought "office work" as naturally as a young duck seeks a slough, and to continue the similie any business would do the boy just as any slough would do the duck. The nearest business—the easiest to get into—the one that maintained the shortest hours—that was the desirable business.

Some of them did splendidly. Some of them became "Heads of Departments." Some of them carved their names deep in the walls of finance and commerce. Some of them waxed fat of purse and person.

Others did none of these things. Others have lost their hair and their youth and their identity and gained little. And if you would care to investigate you will find many a "Zoo" where worn out "office help," pensioners in fact, crawl sleepily in and out among the records

These men were young and strong once, the very kind of men that would adorn a farm. But it's too late now. They are in the discard. Their race is almost run and the *Man* with the *Scythe* is gaining, gaining.

They might have done better for themselves. They would have, too, except they had the wrong sense of values in their youth. They thought then farming was hard work, distasteful work, unintellectual work. And so fervently did they believe this that any office was better than the best farm.

Well, "youth must be served" they say. But, to complete the argument, "age must pay."

But many of the boys will come back from war with the knowledge that an "office job" and the prospects that attach to it, will not do. They will know that The dignity of Labor is not simply a cute little grouping of words, and that a man whose work brings the sweat out on his body is probably running closer to natural laws than he who passes sunny afternoons attempting to locate the missing penny in the Trial Balance.

They will not be afriad of Nature when she storms and blows and blusters. The thrice-breathed air of an office will not be sufficient for their stronger lungs. The silly politics of office routine will raise a smile in them I think.

These men are coming back from the Great Adventure with hard, fit bodies, to which, perhaps, the filing of invoices or the posting of ledgers will make no great appeal.

These men will want to farm—many of them have told me so. And if they want to farm, why farm they must. We stay-at-homes must see to that.

But another point. War is dangerous, sickening, loathsome—but there is never a lack of company. Farming by its very nature throws a man on his own resources—during much of the time "he herds alone."

So it is important that the returned soldier who decides to beat his sword into a plowshare should have company.

AND this being so we will do well to make this concession to a deep steated characteristic of human nature, and instead of having a farmer here and there scattered about the prairie with great gaps of land between them the soldier-farmer should have the opportunity of settling in a colony if he so desires. Four families to a section can hardly be called overcrowding, yet it is company enough. Any man that feels lonely under those circumstances had better quit the game before he commences and put in an application for the job of ticket chopper at a movie house. One hundred and sixty acres is just space enough to give an active, ambitious man elbow room and still retain in some measure the family secrets as revealed by the clothes line on Monday morning.

A start in community farming has already been made in Alberta province by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Without dealing too much in details the plan, I understand, is something like this. One hundred and sixty acres constitute a farm. On this land a house is built as well as a barn and other necessary outbuildings. A well is dug, a certain amount of land is broken, fences are erected, and not only this but, incredible as it may seem, if the tenant has sufficient money to pay his living expenses for a year, the C. P. R. will advance him a sum of money, amounting to not more than $1,000 for investment in stock. In return the company requires only a reasonable interest, in the neighborhood of 6 per cent., I think, and the principal is returned on the basis of half crop payments.

It is not likely that a study of land settlement schemes from the beginning of time will reveal a better plan tha

this, or one more likely to succeed, for not only does it give a man the best possible chance of attaining success, but it provides him with friends and neighbors who have interests and aims in common with his own.

Community farming will also facilitate that great and good rural institution — borrowing — without which life in the country would lose too much of its sociability. Private Jones will buy a disc. Corporal Smith, on the adjoining quarter, will not buy a disc. He will buy a packer. But in effect through the magic art of borrowing, each will have both a disc and a packer. And not only that but the journeys and counter journeys that such borrowing involve will place Private Jones in possession of the knowledge that Corporal Smith stopped a nasty growth of Quack Grass by plowing the roots up to the sun.

Yes, put the boys together. We must not "baby" them, nor patronize them. They will turn from us in disgust if we try it. But they have done much for us. For the self respect of the Canadian people and the Canadian Nation, we must spare neither money nor effort to see that no Canadian returned soldier who decides to farm shall find any flaws or discomforts in the schemes we prepare.

IS there money to be made at farming? Well of course, that depends. Any one who knows the west can lead you to districts settled not many years ago by those who had absolutely nothing—or less—and who to-day are owners of quarters, halves, sections and more: cattle to turn off as regularly as fall comes around; horses and sheep and pigs—yes and who have No. 1 wheat in their granaries from last year. If these men had elected to work for Pots & Pans, or Brown & Smith, they would not likely have these things—or the equivalent thereof. For living is high in the cities they tell me, and savings melt swiftly in the gaps "between jobs."

A popular objection to farming is that which deals with fun and amusement—the pepper and salt which flavor life. But fun and amusement are comparative terms. Moving pictures are scarce on the farm, but horses to ride are scarce in the city and far beyond the reach of those who work for Pots & Pans. Theatres don't crowd the trails it is true, but ducks and prairie chickens do and there ARE those who would rather shoot on a Saturday afternoon than rush to a matinee.

A farmer does not lose his job at the whim of a man or a money market. If he wants a holiday—a day or a week—he takes it and no man sayeth him nay. Milk at 11 cents a quart, eggs at

Continued on page 171.

First the clearing, then the home, finally the pay envelope

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry" the one addressed finally managed to stutter.

"Dr. Berry—hospital guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wildly about him as the guard left him. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Winklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to enquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. The doctor wanted to read the manuscript. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and to be in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks—where he had learned them, he could not remember—the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is, I suppose, on the whole, a merciful paradox that we never are actually in the depths of despair when there is the most to despair about.

I had faced the task of outwitting a clever and perfectly unscrupulous villain and of overpowering two of his hired thugs with the most buoyant confidence. By scrambling over the wall and stepping out on the highway a free man, for the moment at least, I had given proof that my confidence was not ill-grounded.

My plan had succeeded beyond anything I could have hoped, the surplus being represented by the three soiled dollar bills and the handful of change in my pocket, and the probability that the guard would see that it was to his interest to take my advice and give me a clear start.

The truth was, however, that my case had never seemed so hopeless as at that moment. The very appearance of freedom that I had seemed to mock me. So long as I had remained inside that wall the other side of it had meant liberty to me. Now that I had succeeded in scrambling over, the troubles of the past seemed absurdly small, while my present difficulties loomed mountains high.

I was certain to be pursued, and for all I knew the pursuit might at this moment be upon my heels; and in addition to that, there came to my mind, for the first time, as I stood there, the thought—faint, remote, like the long-drawn baying note of a distant hound—that possibly after all, I was mad. I, a man without a memory! A man who believed himself to be some one else, he knew not who!

It might be that in climbing that wall and setting off down the road I was escaping from friends whom nothing but my own delusions had turned into enemies.

The terror of that thought had a salutary effect. It stung me into life and action again. The more intrinsic horror of it brought a healthy reaction of feeling in its wake. I took a coin from my pocket and sent it spinning into the air.

"Heads, up the road; tails down," I cried.

"Down." The coin had decided it. I slapped it back into my pocket and set off obediently at a brisk pace.

I soon had the satisfaction of discovering that my coin had decided right. I was approaching a town, and a town was what I wanted. It was at towns that trains stopped, and I wanted a train that would carry me to the utmost limits of my three dollars.

I believe that this particular little city, whose outskirts I was just entering, has some reputation for beauty. Indeed, my own recollections of it include beautiful residences and the grateful shade of venerable trees; but, nevertheless, to me it is, and I imagine will always remain, a sort of nightmare.

At the sight of the first man who came walking toward me on the sidewalk it took every ounce of self-discipline that I could bring to bear to keep me from bolting like a frightened rabbit. I had an absurd feeling that my looks must infallibly betray me, as one in flight—more than those of one in flight from Dr. Berry's highly respectable institution.

When, however, I had succeeded in passing the first man without stopping and saying to me, "Here you come back with me to Dr. Berry's," I drew in a great gasp of relief. But I had the same sensation of terror only a little milder for every passer-by I met.

The windings of the streets confused me. Yet I dared not ask my way for fear of betraying myself. If I were to summon my courage to the point of asking some one to direct me to the railway station, I should be quite at a loss, I reflected, if he were to ask, "Which station?"

If he were to supplement that query by asking me where I wanted to go, my plight would be desperate indeed. I had not the name of a single town in my mind. If I were to attempt to answer my inquiring friend truthfully and say that I wanted to go anywhere that was three dollars' worth of travel away from here, I should offer him no alternative but to call the nearest policeman.

For a while—I have no means of estimating how long—I wander aimlessly about, now breaking into a run, and then checking myself sharply. At last, when I was nearly in despair and all but exhausted, I found myself approaching the place I had been looking for.

My first glance about me, as I entered the waiting-room of the station, was reassuring. The long line of men before the ticket-window was evidence that a train was going to leave for somewhere before very long.

I took my place in the line, relying on what I should learn before I reached the window for the answer I was to make when the agent should say, 'Where?"

The conversation between the two men immediately in front of me soon gave me what I wanted.

"How much is the fare anyway?" said one of them.

"Round trip or single?" inquired the other.

"Heavens!" said the first man "I don't want to come back."

This was evidently a joke, for they both laughed. The man who knew said:

"One way it is three dollars and a half."

The change in my pocket amounted to fifty-six cents. My destination was decided. I did not yet know where it was, but the man just in front of me was going there and the cost of going lay just within the limit of my worldly wealth Whatever he said to the agent I would echo when my turn came.

There were perhaps twenty men between me and the window when I stepped into line. It was moving very slowly for some reason, and I had not got more than a quarter of the way when the door by which I had entered opened with a bang from the propelling thrust of some one in a hurry. We all looked to see who the newcomer was

The rest of the men in the line turned back again after a mere glance. The person who had come in meant nothing to them one way or the other, I suppose, but as for me, I stood rooted to my place like a man in a nightmare, unable, under the numb paralysis of fear, even to turn my face away.

The man was Dr. Berry!

How he missed seeing my pale, terror-stricken face staring straight at him, I do not know. Of course, I had no other idea at the time than that he had come in pursuit of me, though events soon proved me wrong—proved that he had no idea that I had even escaped.

Even at that, I think he would have seen me had it not been for the fact that I was standing in line. The eye treats a long file of men, waiting as we were with a common object, not as a series of individuals at all, but simply as a thing which will require a given amount of time to pass a certain point.

The moment his glance had traveled over us without lighting on me, I regained my nerve again, turned quickly away, and held my place in the line. Dr. Berry walked straight to the window and spoke to the agent over the head of the man who was buying a ticket.

"Has that special train come in yet?" he demanded.

I could not hear the agent's reply, but evidently it was to the effect that it had not.

The doctor turned away from the window with the air of one who, after a great hurry, finds that he has arrived on time. He still showed traces of excitement, however, and instead of settling down to wait quietly, paced impatiently back and forth the length of the waiting-room.

He passed within an arm's length of me a dozen times, I suppose, and his eye must have run over me in my place in the line fully as often, but his thoughts were elsewhere and he never noticed.

I realized that my danger would be much greater after I had bought my ticket and had become a detached individual again in the crowd that was waiting for the gateman to open the door and let us out on the station-platform. Well, there was nothing to do but to chance it, and I had taken much longer chances during the past twenty-four hours.

The man in front of me had reached

I saw the face of the man addressed as Duggleby

the window. He laid down three dollars and a half and said:

"New York."

The sound of those two words gave me an immediate feeling of something near to joy. It was a place that I knew; I was sure of that. I had had no conscious knowledge of that name a moment before, but the mere sound of it lifted a little the blank from off my past.

I shoved my own money under the grill, and was in the act of repeating the words myself, when the agent, without a glance at me, craned his neck to see beyond me, and called aloud:

"Dr. Berry."

I swayed where I stood. Had I been able to command the mere physical strength for such an effort I should no doubt have bolted, but with my knees giving way under me such a thing was clearly out of the question.

"Yes?" said the doctor interrogatively.

"That special train you were waiting for is in," said the agent.

"In the station now?" repeated the doctor angrily. "Why was I not told?"

"It has only just come in, sir," said the agent. Then he called to the gate-keeper:

"Let Dr. Berry out."

The doctor was shouldering his way through the crowd to the door.

"Where did you say?" said the agent to me.

"New York."

The words were only a whisper. I had to repeat them twice before he heard, and impatiently slapped down a ticket before me.

The gate-keeper opened the door; Dr. Berry started out, then stopped short in the doorway. A man coming in at the same moment almost collided with him, but the doctor showed no sign of anger.

"Mr Duggleby!" he exclaimed. "I am very, very glad you have come."

I heard the name and saw the face of the man addressed as Duggleby as he stood a moment, resting his bag and silk hat upon the counter. And somehow the sight and the sound together seemed to ring a little bell of recognition away down within me.

I knew the name, I knew the face—a shrewd, intelligent, rather cruel, deeply lined, middle-aged face. That man belonged in my past.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOMAN IN THE CAB.

THE crowd in the waiting-room had forced me so close that either the doctor or Mr. Duggleby could have touched me with their hands. Luckily neither dreamed that I was anywhere but in the safe-keeping of the two bruisers, to whose tender mercies I had been entrusted. But I had a monopoly of their thoughts; there could be no dobut of that.

"It was utterly unexpected," the doctor was saying, "his coming back to consciousness that way. I really got a fright when the guard brought me the news. I didn't entirely get over it until I learned from him that by some queer freak his memory had got left behind.

"That would have been serious, and even as things stood I thought it well

to send for you. He is extraordinarily shrewd in a way. His mind seems to work all the quicker for not having any memory to ballast it."

Mr. Duggleby frowned and cast a quick glance about the crowd, which made me duck unceremoniously.

"This is not quite the place to talk about it," he said in a low tone. "You have a carriage here, I suppose?"

"My automobile is waiting," said Dr. Berry, and a moment later they disappeared through the other door.

Then the train we had been waiting for came thundering in, and I learned that it was an express. The three hour's ride on the train gave me ample time for planning. Detectives would, of course, be waiting for me at the terminal, but I thought of a plan by which I hoped to be able to give them the slip. Once it was decided upon, I leaned comfortably back in my seat and went to sleep.

I had eaten nothing since my half-finished, opium-drugged meal of the night before, and already the afternoon was well advanced. Sleep was the best substitute for food that I could get, and curiously enough, it came to me readily.

I waked, as it happened, none too soon. The car was all astir with the preliminary bustle which announces the expected arrival of a train at its terminus. Already we were jolting over the switches in the yard.

I sprang to my feet, hurried down the aisle, and in utter defiance of the protests of the brakeman, swung myself off.

The air was alive with the shriek of whistles and the clang of bells, and great blinding headlights peered this way and that through the gathering dusk. I was shouted at, cursed, all but arrested by one irate watchman, who must have thought I contemplated suicide, and had, no doubt, a good many hairbreadth escapes that I knew nothing about; but I emerged at last into the comparative quiet of a dingy, ill-paved street.

I had no idea where I was going—that is to say, the man who was only a little over twenty-four hours old had no idea—but I walked rapidly on with perfect confidence. I was just learning the lesson which in the next few days was to be of such inestimable service to me; namely, that I am never so sure of going right as when I have given myself over completely to instinct. When I do that I have a comfortable sense that the man I once was—a man who must have known many aspects of the world wisely and well—is in charge.

I went on so for some time, turning now to the right, now to the left, never under a moment's hesitation as to my true course, and when at last I found myself walking along another railroad track into another station, I knew that the man I once was had guided me right.

I had no money for a ferry-ticket, but an arriving throng of passengers on a train that had just pulled into the station saved me from embarrassment on that head. Deliberately and quite unchallenged, I walked under a sign marked "Desbrosses Street" and out onto a ferry-boat.

A few minutes later I was threading my way among the maze of streets in down-town New York. The first stage of my fight was at an end. I was perfectly sure that I had eluded direct pursuit. No stealthy figure was tracking my steps as I made my way toward City Hall Park. I was in one of the finest hiding-places in the world, a great city.

Yet I knew that a moment of over-confidence and a single careless blunder might prove fatal even now. Two causes led me to drop down upon a bench in the crowded little square. One was the necessity I felt for laying out a plan of action, and the other the sheer exhaustion of hunger. That was really a great danger.

My enemies had no doubt learned hours ago from the guard exactly how much money I had set out with. If they were as shrewd as I believed them to be they would have inferred with reasonable certainty that I had come to New York.

At any rate, they would know that, if I had come to New York, I had arrived penniless. Acting on that chain of deductions, they would certainly station their detectives at those points where a half-starved and penniless man might be expected to turn up—the police stations, the hospitals, and the relief-depots of the Salvation Army.

I felt fairly sure after I had followed that line of thought to the end that if I were to faint from hunger here where I sat—and I knew I was not far from it—that act would mark the end of my brief liberty. I must get food at once and get it without begging for it.

I rose somewhat stiffly from my bench, and again put my affairs in the hands of the unknown stranger, myself—my real self, I mean—whose identity it was my task to ascertain. There was a certain peril in this proceeding, I knew. My instincts might be trusted to know this city, I was sure, but how could I be sure that they would not take me, like a homing-pigeon, straight back into the very citadel of my enemy?

However, that danger was one I could not possibly avoid. I would simply hope for better luck.

I walked northward past the bridge terminal, and with the perfect certainty of what must have been old acquaintance, turned to the right and plunged into the labyrinth of New York's lower East Side. I walked a few squares, and stopped in front of a dingy little pawn-shop. The only thing I had to put in pawn was the clothing upon my back, but that was of fine quality and perfectly new.

The pawnbroker was doing a rushing business and I had a few moments of leisure to look him over before he could attend to my needs. He was a rare bird, I am sure, in that corner of the world anyway. There was nothing Oriental in his looks.

I felt pretty sure, from the look in his gray eye, when he finally turned it upon me, that he knew me, but he was far too discreet to acknowledge it, and I, under the circumstances, dared not give him a lead, dearly as I wanted to.

"I want to pawn these clothes," I said, when he asked me what he could do for me.

"All of them?" he inquired with a twinkle.

"The whole outfit," I assured him.

He took that reply with a roar of laughter.

"And go out naked?" he demanded. "I couldn't allow that."

"Oh, there's another half to the bargain," said I. "I want to buy some others. The best I can get that will still leave me three or four dollars to boot in my pocket."

"You're not asking much, are you?" he said satirically, but there was a kindly undertone in his voice for all that. "Three or four dollars! What do you think I am going to allow you on them, to say nothing of what you will wear away? Old clothes are old clothes."

"These are not old, though," I told him. "You can sell them to a misfit house for ten dollars to-morrow. The clothes you will give me won't have cost you one. There is a hundred per cent profit; that ought to suit you."

I surprised myself more than I did him by my assurance in bargaining. If I were an old customer of his I was one who knew the ropes.

We dickered about it for a while, and presently I secured an outfit which would not absolutely condemn me as a vagrant at first glance and two dollars to boot.

"What name?" he asked when the bargain was concluded.

I was prepared for that question.

"Andrew Meiklejohn," I said.

He shot me a quick look. Evidently it was not the name he knew me by.

"And the address?" he went on.

That question I had not foreseen, and the result was that I answered instinctively. At the answer I gave him he broke for a second time into a full-mouthed laugh, and on second thought I could not wonder at it, for I had told him I lived at a prominent hotel. I suppose I betrayed some confusion be-

fore I could take my cue from him and treat my reply as a pleasantry.

"Getting it a bit mixed, aren't you?" he asked.

By that time I had recovered myself.

"Oh, let it go at that," said I.

I changed my clothes and walked out of the shop. My legs were in charge again, and they took me straight to a dingy little coffee-house, where I ate as I am willing to wager I had never eaten before. There were no drugs in that food.

I wonder if it was fate that took charge of my wanderings after I left the coffee-house. It was not instinct, not that well-informed stranger, myself, who had led me so unerringly, to the good - humored Irish pawnbroker, for I was on the track now of a discovery which my unknown self could never have foreseen.

I was strolling up the Bowery too tired to think or to lay my plans for getting the steady job which I knew would be the only guarantee against my falling, within a day or two, into the hands of my shrewd and relentless enemies.

I suppose I took the Bowery because it was pleasantly crowded with people who looked enough like me in my transformed state to prevent my being conspicuous. I was not even planning where I should pass the night. That question would solve itself, no doubt, in an hour or two. For the present I was perhaps the most utterly idle, purposeless waif on all that crowded thoroughfare.

I was strolling north on the west side of the street, and had no recollection of how far I had gone, when after dodging across one of the broader east and west streets—it may have been Canal, though I hardly think I had gone so far—I paused on the north curb. There was a little huddle of vehicles there, delayed for a moment to let the stream of cross-town traffic go by, and conspicuous among them by its comparative rarity in that neighborhood, was a private brougham.

My eye rested on it as it had rested on the others, listless, indifferent but in the space of that single glance the whole face of the world changed. My heart stopped dead still. Then, at the end of a suffocating second it leaped forward again madly.

The interior of the carriage was brightly lighted and in the oval window I saw a woman's profile. Even now, when the memory of it is a week old, I can hardly command my pen to describe it sanely. A small head, delicately erect, a mass of lustrous black hair which curved up under her black hat in a line unbroken by any stray locks, a face rather pale, and in its detail of nostril, lips, and chin, wonderfully finely chiseled.

The eyes, under their fine, even brows and in the shadow of her long curving lashes, were luminous, frank, steadfast, but they had, or at least I fancied they had as I recalled the moment later, a hint of tragedy in them.

And I, on the curb, a homeless and all but hopeless vagrant, stood staring through that little oval window spell-bound. The face was the face of the woman of my dreams!

He was a rare bird in that corner of the world

CHAPTER VI.

LOST!

THE brougham had started on again and was perhaps half-way down the next block before I had recovered from the daze into which the sight of her had thrown me. Then, stifling the outcry that rose to my lips, I set out in mad pursuit, running, dodging in and out among the vehicles, like a man demented.

Even at my best speed of course the carriage kept leaving me farther and farther behind. I thought I had lost her, but at that moment a trolley-car came flying along, its motors screaming with the stress of full speed. It was a distinctly hazardous proceeding to attampt to board it in full flight, but in similar circumstances I should have jumped at an express-train.

More by luck than by anything else I succeeded in scrambling onto the running-board and into the car, sustaining no more serious damage than a painful wrench to my arms and whatever shock my feelings may have suffered from the imprecations of the conductor, who assured me I deserved to have been killed.

I paid him my fare, and then leaned out to look ahead. We were rapidly overtaking the carriage.

Once we ran alongside, and this time I noticed that the lady of my dreams was not alone in the carriage. A young man was sitting beside her, a very smart young gentleman, somewhere about my own age. He was good-looking—in the loose sense in which that term is used—but he did not look very good.

The expression on his well-made features was distinctly cynical, almost saturnine. If he had caught a glimpse of me, straining out from my seat in the trolley-car, that I might gaze to advantage on the wonderful face of the girl who sat beside him, and could have known the feelings with which I was looking at it, how he would have laughed! Or would he, I wonder? Perhaps his expression would have been grimmer.

The brougham was delayed by some slowly moving vehicle in front, and our car darted ahead, they turning in behind us on the track. We were nearing the bridge terminal where my car stopped, and I, fancying they would turn west toward one of the down-town ferry stations, feared I was going to lose them.

To my relief, and equally to my surprise, they stopped at the curb only a few paces away from the terminal itself. I slipped off the car and made my way back toward it. I came up well within earshot before I stopped. If it was dishonorable to listen to their conversation—well, let the dishonor be on my head. He seemed to be protesting against her leaving the vehicle.

"Really, it's absurd, you know," he said, "that I should put you down here and leave you to make your way alone through all that crush. At least, let me take you across the bridge. Then I will let you go wherever you like, and on my word of honor I will make no attempt to follow."

"No, no," she said, rising decisively as if to put an end to the argument. "It is a compromise as it is, you know,

and really, I can't let you come any farther."

He rose without any further insistence and helped her down to the curb.

"I am sorry it has all turned out to be so futile," he said. "I didn't know myself that father had gone until just a few minutes before you came, and I had no means of letting you know. I am sure he would not have broken the appointment if he could have helped it.

"I don't know what it was that called him away. His message only said that he had had some disquieting news and had been obliged to go down into New Jersey for a day or two. I know he took a special train, so you may be sure it was important."

"Oh, I understand perfectly," she said. "Two or three days don't matter much after all these months."

The words evidently meant more to the young man than appeared on the surface.

"You must not think too badly of us," he said. "I don't wonder that your father is suspicious. Inventors are nearly all like that. It is not a bit surprising that he should go off and hide himself and not let us know his address. But you must not share those suspicions yourself. That would be too absurd.

"Come, just to show there is no ill feeling, let me take you home. I won't look where we are going, and you need not tell your father I did it. So where would be the harm?"

"That's quite out of the question," she said, and her voice had a cutting edge to it. "Good night, Mr. Duggleby."

What I was thinking of, as I skulked there in the shadow, was what course I should take when the other man left her. There she stood—the woman I had said I would search the world to find. There was the face that had come in my dreams; that had encouraged me through every perilous moment during my escape from the asylum; and in my dreams when she had looked at me from under the shadow of those curving lashes, there had been love in her eyes.

Would they brighten with the same fire now if I were to stand before her, demanding recognition? The thing seemed absurd when I thought of the difference between us—she standing there beside the carriage from which she had just dismounted, patrician in every line and clad in beautiful tailored simplicity, and I—the shabby, penniless scarecrow which the events of the last twenty-four hours had reduced me to—shuffling off a few paces in the dark to avoid being "moved on" by the suspicious policeman.

My unknown self had been a gentleman, whether she knew him or not, and it seemed rather cruel to him, as well as to her, to present to her this travesty on him. Still, my overwhelming eagerness kept me in doubt; held my decision trembling in the balance until the utterance of that last word, the name of "Duggleby."

I shrank back at it, perfectly instinctively, and for a few seconds my mind raced at lightning speed. There had been more than coldness in her manner to him; there had been dread. He was her enemy as well as in my present state mine. Yet the discovery of who I was would put an added burden upon her and I should be no better than a coward if I were to ask her to assume it.

There was comfort in the discovery, though. Her use of that man's name convinced me that my dreams had not lied to me. I was sure that if I were to say:

"I am in flight; I have just escaped from the asylum where Mr. Duggleby has had me shut up, and from which he meant that I never should escape"—just those words and no more, I should see a flush of recognition coloring the pale face, and should feel the clasp of two friendly hands—friendly if no more than that. Yes! There was comfort in that thought, at least.

I had let her walk past me and get half-way up the stairs to the elevated platform before it occurred to me that though I could not call on her for help, I might, at least, try to learn the secret which was denied to the Dugglebys. I could follow her to her home and then, when I was in a position to bring help, not to ask it, I should know where to find her.

I rushed up the steps two at a time, but she had been walking briskly, and I did not immediately overtake her. The train was standing at the platform ready to depart, and all I saw was the disappearing flash of her skirt as she entered it.

I had no time to reach the platform of the car she had entered, only barely succeeded, in fact, in squeezing past the closing gate of the car nearest me. I made my way through the train as rapidly as its crowded condition would permit, to the foremost end of the front car, and then all the way back again, scrutinizing every face.

It was a long time before I would admit to myself the possibility that I had been mistaken, but at last the fact became so evident that I had to admit it. Heart-sick, I sank into the nearest seat. My eyes had played me false. I had taken the wrong train. I had lost her.

CHAPTER VII.

I GET A JOB.

IT has since struck me that Fate was attempting to play rather a grim joke upon me when I discovered that the destination of my train was Coney Island. While I sat there, heart sick that the little gleam of hope which for a moment should have been vouchsafed me had been so quickly extinguished, I was listening involuntarily and wholly automatically to the jokes, the giggles, the light-hearted and rather empty-headed merriment of a crowd of people who could apparently be made perfectly happy by the simple process of shooting the chutes.

Why I did not get off the train and take another back to New York I hardly know. Probably because I simply lacked the initiative and the energy to do anything, or, perhaps, again Fate was serious.

At any rate, I did not move from my seat until the train had made its last stop. Then I drifted out with the crowd and was caught in the great current that flowed and eddied and swirled but never stagnated along that remarkable thoroughfare known as Surf Avenue, but none of all its well-assorted wonders had any power to divert or amuse me, even for a moment.

Presently, to escape from the blare and the glare of it, I found my way down to the beach.

I did not find solitude even here, but there was a good surf rolling in, and its thunderous diapason drowned out the strident human noises which had disturbed me. Under its influence the mad circular whirl of my thoughts, which I feared would drive me mad, if I were not mad already, was quieted.

One by one—or two by two, to put it more accurately—the strollers who had shared the beach with me went their way, packed themselves into clanking trains or noisy excursion steamers, and sought their homes. That strip of sand, with the great combers creaming up beyond, was all the home I had, and at last I had it to myself. And with the solitude came sleep—the heavy sleep of complete exhaustion.

In my former state I am coming to believe I must have been a vagrant or a millionaire. When I wakened the next morning, and pretty well on in the morning it must have been, judging by the height of the sun, I was not in the least distressed by the fact that I had little more than a dollar in the world and no notion in the world how I was going to earn another.

I shook the sand out of my hair, and then proceeded to invest nearly one-fourth of my worldly wealth in the luxury of a sea bath. The attendant at the bathing-house looked at me curiously, and I don't wonder, for the experience of encountering a tatter-demalion figure like mine at ten o'clock in the morning at Coney Island, wanting to spend twenty-five cents for the rental of a bathing-suit, must have been new to him.

It was no extravagance for me, however; perhaps it was the most sensible investment I could have made. I found I was a good swimmer, and the experience of battling with those heavy surges effectually washed away the doubts, fears, and disappointments which had threatened to paralyze my energy, and left me my own man again.

When it was over, when, refreshed in mind and body, I resumed, though somewhat ruefully, the outfit of clothing which my friend O'Brien had provided me with, I still had the price of a breakfast in my pocket. What more could a man ask?

But Surf Avenue, as I soon found, is rarely called upon to supply a casual wayfarer with breakfast. It was almost deserted, and I had to walk perhaps two hundred yards before I found a place that appeared to be open for business. I came upon one at last, however, a sort of combination concert-hall and saloon that was just opening up.

An extremely dirty, blear-eyed waiter was wiping off the sticky tops of the iron tables with a very questionable-looking mop. The room was a large one, containing perhaps two hundred tables. At the farther end of it a gaudily painted and indescribably shabby proscenium arch and drop-curtain proclaimed the existence of a stage.

An upright piano stood before the centre of it, and a battered bass viol and a drum with cymbals attached hinted at an orchestra. The whole place reeked indescribably with the remains of the orgy of the night before.

But for the vivifying preparation of a sea bath I could not have thought of breakfasting there. Luckily, however, I was in no critical mood and I approached the waiter:

"Can I get some ham and eggs and a cup of coffee here?" I asked.

He eyed me with mingled reluctance and suspicion:

"Vell," he said in beery accents, "I subbose you can if you have got the brice."

"Go ahead and order it, then," said I, and I suppose my manner must have carried conviction though my appearance did not, for without further demur he walked away and disappeared through a greasy door which I supposed led to the kitchen.

The quality of the food, when it came after considerable delay, was much better than appearances had led me to expect, and I cleared my platter with enthusiasm. When I had finished, however, I was still conscious of a lack of something, and it was rather puzzling to decide what it could be. I was no longer hungry, but I certainly felt that my breakfast had been incomplete.

The waiter unconsciously gave me the cue by lighting the stump of a half-unwrapped cigar. That was it! I wanted to smoke. It was simply another little piece in the mosaic I was constructing of the identity of myself, and I welcomed it accordingly.

I paid for my breakfast and bought a cigar, which reduced my worldly capital to a few odd dimes and nickels. Well, it was high time that I should be doing something. I ought to be back in New York at this moment hunting a job.

The reason I did not go was simply that the instinctive man in me—the man who had just demanded a smoke—was still in clamorous rebellion. What he was pointing toward now was the battle-scarred piano at the other end of the hall.

"It's utterly absurd," I told myself. "What if you can play the piano? Is this the time and place to try it?"

Yet he had led me right before, and perhaps he deserved some concession. The waiter was still lingering near my table. I pushed fifteen cents toward him. Then, leaving him stupefied with astonishment, I deliberately walked down the hall, seated myself before the piano, and began to play.

I had no idea what I was playing, but I knew that that row of white and black ivory beneath my fingers accepted me submissively as master. I don't know how much later than that it was, probably not more than four or five minutes, when the sound of heavy breathing at my elbow caused me to look around.

He helped her down to the curb.

Continued on page 172.

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White

A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesman back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesmen wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him, but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.

AS the bookkeeper finished his story the train porter appeared and tried to light the swaying oil lights that had been called into service when the electric current had been broken. Night had approached swiftly and only a dim ghost like fog of flying snow could be seen from the car window.

"Looks like we will be here all night," said the dark one.

"Lord, I hope not," exclaimed the wholesaler. "I had one experience of that sort and that, indirectly, was what caused me to take out a policy on my business. I might explain gentlemen, that the Lord has blessed me with a fair share of this world's goods and that ten years ago, the time I took out insurance, I was as well off as I am now. At least, I thought I was, but it was the realization of how shallow is the water over the reefs of business that brought me to my senses and sent me scurrying for protection. But here is the story:

"Ten years ago, about this time of the year, I was called to a western city on an important business matter. I am married and have two children, now pretty well grown, but at the time of my adventure mere babies. I left them with my wife in our comfortable home, guarded by several servants, and secure in their belief that the world was a mighty good place. They had never known what it was to miss a single comfort or luxury. My wife was in the same position. She was the daughter of well-to-do people and at their death their fortune was added to my own. Business was good and my affairs showed a steady gain. In fact I was in a position to give thanks and as my train whirled away that night I sat in the smoking room with a good cigar and spent the time counting my blessings and planning new joys for my family. I had left my business affairs in the hands of my manager and my head bookkeeper. Both had been with me for many years and were as familiar with the details of the firm as I was.

"I remember picking up a newspaper just before going to bed and reading therein of a former business acquaintance who had met a sudden death and whose affairs were found to be in such a state that, although actually well-to-do his business rivals managed to ruin his firm before the tangle could be straightened. I remember shaking my head over the affair and mentally declaring that there was no excuse for such carelessness. I thought complacently of my own affairs and how well they would run on if anything should happen to me. This, at least, was my first thought.

"It was an hour later when I was in my berth that the thought came to me to go over my affairs in an effort to see what would happen if I should

meet with death without warning. The more I thought about it the more nervous I became. Certain notes were due and, while I had arranged to meet them, my arrangements had been made with a firm in another city. It was doubtful if they ever would hear of my death until too late. My office men would not know what to do in a matter of this kind. It would be weeks before my lawyers could clear up things and in that time the entire business might be ruined. I thought of certain verbal orders I had given, of shipments that would be dead timber on the firm's hands without my plan of turning them over. The plan was not perfected and I had hesitated to put it to paper until it was.

"The more I thought the more nervous I became. It was nearly morning when I finally drifted off to sleep and while I had resolved to put things in better shape on my return, I knew that there would always be some things that might endanger the business that no one but myself could handle.

MORNING came and I awoke with the feeling that all was not well. The train was standing still and it was very cold in the cars. I thrust my head out of my berth and gazed into the aisle. A half dozen men and women were talking together in low tones and I could see they were annoyed and peevish. I tumbled into my clothes and joined the group. It was only a moment until I realized the trouble. We were stalled in a snowdrift. In fact, it looked very much as if we were there to stay for 24 hours at least. The tracks were blocked before and behind us and a heavy wind was driving a cloud of snow before it. There was nothing to do but wrap up in our overcoats and sit down and wait. A brakeman told us of a snowslide just ahead and explained that we had missed death by less than a rod. This was not cheerful and I found myself in a blue funk. The day grew colder and colder and we soon suffered physically as well as mentally. However, I will not bore you with the details of that halt in the snowfields. Let me say it was nearly 48 hours before we finally steamed into a town with an extra engine ahead of us, our own having gone dead for lack of coal.

"The first thing we saw as we scrambled from our train was a half dozen newsboys with 'extras.' We discovered we were the cause of the extra. Report had reached the town that our train was under the snowslide and that every soul had perished. This story had flashed across the country and with horror I realized its effect on my wife and children. I dashed for the telegraph office and sent a hurry message to my wife and business associates. A cheerful answer from my wife lifted the load a good bit, but another wire from my managers promptly laid it back on.

After ten minutes of conference I was in possession of the facts. The report of my death had caused a rush of small creditors

" 'For heaven's sake hurry home," he wired. 'Business going to smash.' I wired him back that I was coming and in a mixture of fear and wonderment I took another route home. In my office, as I entered, a calm hum of business in its usual channels greeted me. The clerks were busy and the typewriters clicked and the office boys were loafing beside my door.

"The sight was a relief. I had expected most anything else. In fact I had even pictured a sheriff standing before a padlocked door or a long line of creditors awaiting my appearance with anger and a disposition to attack my person. My manager rushed out to meet me and led me into the inner office. After ten minutes of conference I was in possession of the facts. The report of my death in the snowslide had caused a rush of small creditors, always fearsome.

"This was the start and a thrill was felt all thorugh the world in which I did business. Even the banks were affected and their men had called at the office. Notes came in, credit swayed and in 24 hours my firmly established business was on the verge of a smash. My manager had done

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The Measure of Values

By N. B. Watson

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

Being a Tale Based upon the Appraisal of Values from Different Points of View

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, they say; and, faith, 'tis true, as I have usually found in my experience. When a wench wills a man will discover a way, and 'tis a pretty frequent trick they have of willing, even despite their parents and their guardians. I have an eye for a lover, and, if I cannot be he, I am content to let him be himself, more especially if the maid be not too much to my fancy. But there is no denying but what the girl I saw at the "Green Man" out of Shrewsbury was a mighty taking creature. She was a slim pretty wench that knew how to use her clothes, and that a nod and a toss were not all the weapons that a girl needs to her hand. She sighed and smiled like any angel at the young oaf at her side. Well, it was not that he was an oaf, for I am only calling him that in that he was of a rustic habit. He was passably well-jointed, and had a smooth ingenuous face that was ripe, you might think, for sheer folly. But he was tolerable, though the wench was too handsome for him with her style. And yet with the perversity of her sex, 'twas plain her heart was set on him, and that she would not merely ogle him, whatsoever she might do to others.

She sat t'other side of the room, eating of her food, and casting me mild glances now and then, in part of wonder, no doubt; but I am not unaccustomed to the battery of female eyes. So I gave her back her shot with interest, and presently, as if she thought she had done enough mischief, she turned to her man and gave him her attention. She hung on him, the sweetling, till I was driven to believe she was maybe as innocent of heart as of eye; and so I fell, too, and, having gotten a quart of good wine under my jacket, I mellowed towards 'em. Lord, they were turtle doves a-cooing, and the one helped t'other with a titbit, and t'other would and would not. 'Twas pretty enough for idle eyes. But 'twas time I was away, and so I rose and made for the door; the which I had no sooner reached than there was a tap on my shoulder.

"The devil!" says I, whipping out my sword.

But it was only Master Turtle with a kerchief that had fallen from my pocket.

"Ye're a pleasant friendly youth, lad," said I, "and your sweetheart would tempt a monk," I said.

"Sir!" he cried, making as if to draw himself up; but I gave him a friendly push.

"Faith, my gosling," I said, "make no trouble of me. I am the kestrel that flieth; and my nest's in a wilderness"; and then observing the girl to be looking on me with interest I made a leg at her. "Let her bloom, lad" I said, "I'll not do more than smell at an innocent flower."

"Sir, I am beholden," he stammered, seeming not to understand, but wishing to be civil.

"I'll warrant there's a snug household to be set up somewhere," I said, "and plenty of children to fill it. I give you my compliments."

"You are good, sir,' said this raw innocent. "But we are not wed."

"Aye, and June hath not come," said I. "But 'tis merry May."

And somehow I was seized of a sudden with a notion, and I went back across the room to the table, calling upon the innkeeper.

"I will drink to a pretty maid's eyes —and to her happiness," said I, "and here's a good man maybe will indulge me in the toast."

"That I will," says he stoutly, looking mighty pleased.

So when the wine was come we drank, while Miss blushed and simpered to a nicety.

"To a full house!" said I, winking at the young fellow; at which Miss blushed the deeper, and set by her glass hesitantly. "You will not boggle at the toast," said I to him

"No, for sure," says he boldly, and drank it like a man, but it caught in his throat, and he fell a-coughing and a spluttering.

"Lord love these innocents'" says I, seating myself, and staring at the girl with admiring eyes. She was fair like a May flower and dainty as blue skies in Spring, and it was a little time ere she could recover from her confusion.

"Name the day," said I, "and I will make free to send a wedding gift."

They looked on each other, and says the man, "Sir you are good, but 'tis not determined"

"What'" cried I "with that eloquent piece before me, you have not settled? If I waited a sennight I should deserve my peepers blinded," I said "and not to tell black from white, or beauty from a beast?"

"O, sir, you mistake," he said, showing some earnestness. "The fault lies not with me.

"'Tis my father,' she panted, speaking for the first time, and in a pretty rural accent.

I nodded. "Ay, old hunks. I see well 'Tis often so They will not remember youth and roses and the bloom of May. Rip me I would learn him had I the old thing here."

"Joan's father," says the young man, being thus encouraged, "is of an ill name."

"Well, Joan's a pretty one to make up," I said, laughing.

"Nay, but sir, 'tis a hard situation," he went on earnestly. "and as you are so kind you may like to hear it."

"Say on, my hero," said I, ordering another bottle, and crossing my legs under the table.

"'Tis this way," said he, eagerly, "Master Appleton took a wife when

he was grown thin of blood and all that was human in him was burnt like a savaged heath in summer."

"He should ha' known better," said I, burying my nose in the pot.

"And as he grew older his blood ran thinner," said the young man, now fairly taken up with his story, "so that his riches became to him more than wife or child.'

"Riches are good," said I, "but I have known women I liked better."

"Then, sir, you will see how tragic this grew," says he mournfully. "For the mother died, and the child lived on with this hoarding miser, that would not use her as his own flesh and blood."

"An old skinflint!" said I. "I would I had him at the tip of my toasting fork."

"So that his happiness is naught to him," says this cermonious youth, "and though I can offer her an honorable place, being schoolmaster to the village with no less than thirty pounds a year, he refuses, sir, his consent and grudges his daughter as he doth his hoarded wealth, and will not suffer me in his house, desiring a wealthier suitor for her that shall pay him for the bridal.

"So that ye are driven to meet thus?" I put in, with a smile at the girl that was as good as words, for I was by this wondering what in the devil's name had made her take up with this long-winded, church-jabbering, mim-mouthed son of a curate.

"You have guessed rightly, sir," says he, "though I deplore the necessity."

"Deplore your wig and waistcoat," said I. "You should thwack old hunks until he cried for mercy."

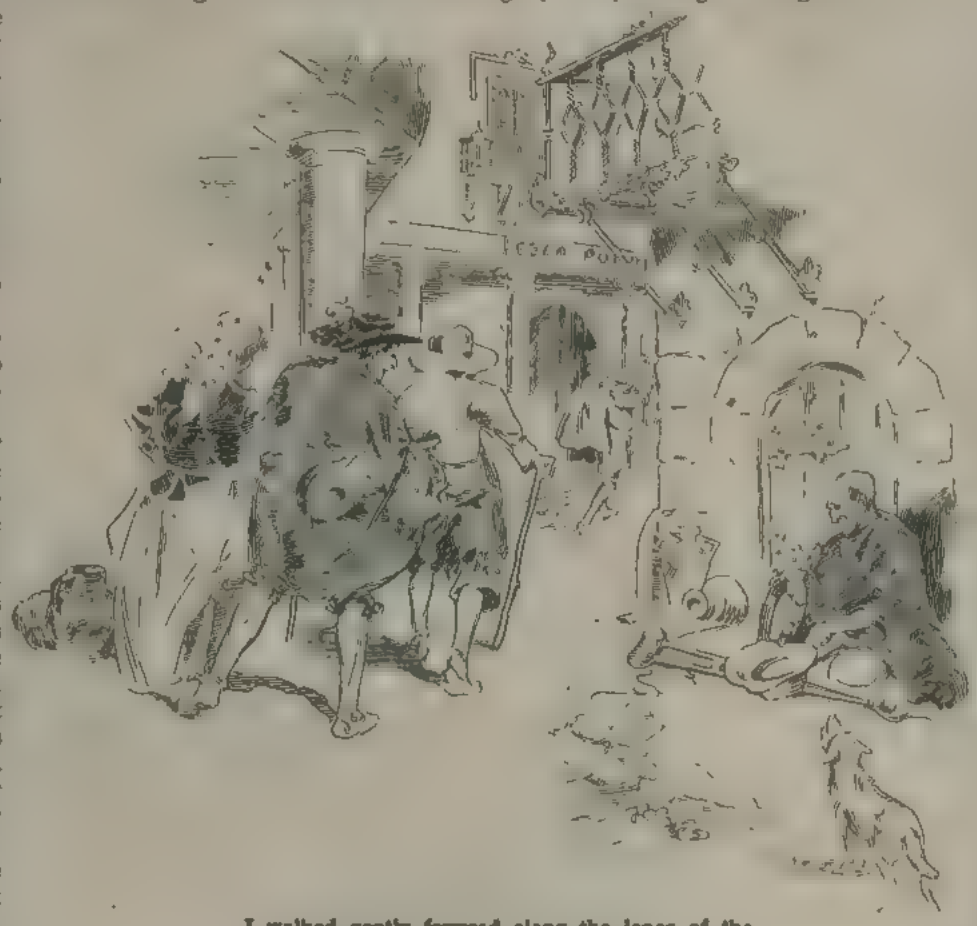
"Sir!" he cried, in surprise.

"There is only one way with fools and madmen," I said, "and that's the cudgel. There be some that add women to the list," I said, giving the maid a look, "but not I. I am of another kidney."

"I fear we have taxed you with this idle talk"—begins this sacristan, but I stopped his mouth.

"Oh, drink," says I, "drink to a better sense and more spirit, and confusion to old Hunks, the Miser." I winked at Miss, and tossing off my liquor, rose to go. If I was to reach my destination that night I must be a horse, and, to say the truth, I was weary of the parsonical youth, though I should have liked well enough to have had the girl for company longer. He rose and gave me a bow, this pew-opener, and I doffed to Miss, and so got forth.

'Twas a fine night, and, though



I walked gently forward along the lanes of the village, singing like an innocent child at nurse

'twas late for my errand, I walked gently forward along the lanes, pretty content in mind, and singing like an innocent child at nurse. Finally I mounted and had got a mile or so away when I descried against the twilight of the sky a man jogging along toward me; and at the same time I caught the measured tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp of a horse's pads, on the highway. I reined in, and waited, with the silly wine in my noddle; and of a sudden I burst out on the traveller as he reached the turn of the road where I stood. Lord, it was like roampadding of a sheep for all his squeals. He was an elderly thin man, something lanky, but bowed in his shoulders, and he carried a bundle and a great blunderbuss. This latter he slewed round about towards me with a cry of terror as I came up, as if it had swung on a swivel, and bang went the contents right across the mare's crupper, startling her.

"Damn your silly head," said I. "D'ye think that is the way barkers should be used? I have half a mind to give you a lesson and take you for a target. Meanwhile and whilst I ponder it, friend, out with purse and baubles."

At that he thrust at his nag with a whip, and tried to make off, but I caught the reins and seeing the ninny I had to deal with I gave him a caution.

"Look you, you shall have great wide holes in you by thunder you will, corporal, if you do not lend some sense to your actions. Think you, I have took all this trouble for to let you slip, strike me merry?"

I took him by the shoulders and shook him so that he nearly rolled out of the saddle, and set up a cry, "I have naught—I have naught," he says, "I have spent all at market. I call Heaven to witness I have naught."

"That's as may be," I replied, "and I will e'en take the freedom of sounding those lean pockets."

"Sir," he implored me, "I beg you will spare me. I am a poor man, and have but the savings I am taking to my unhappy daughter."

"Why, if there be a lady in the case," I said, "I will maybe call a change of tune. But, you miserable old serpent," I said, "you blow hot and cold, all in one moment. Disgorge my Beelzebub."

"Sir," he says, catching me by the lapel, "I am an old man and not much longer for this world. I beseech you, let me go down to my grave in peace and quiet."

"You will go down mighty easy and mighty quick," said I, interrupting him, "if you do not empty those pockets, and so I promise you." I pointed the barker at him, and with a huge sigh he stretched a tremulous hand for a pocket. But nothing came out by that; and on he went to the next, I jogging him with the pistol. Hence he fetches me out three bold fardens, and sighed again.

"Rip me," said I. "You rake, you ha' spent it all in the fair to-day. Fie, you old grayhead! 'Tis the wine you have swilled. I will help you to unload all of my loving-kindness."

And thus, despite his protests, I ransacked his pockets, and found therein a purse of good yellow guineas, the which did please me. But all the time he shifted about in his saddle, moaning and bewailing his hard fate, and I saw that he held a hand behind him. So says I, suddenly reaching out and catching at this:

"Shake hands on it, old friend," I said, and pulled his arm forth.

He uttered a howl of misery, for what was clutched in his talons was a bag, and in that bag, slit me, was a pile of goldfinches.

"Ho! Ho!" said I, but ere I could say more he had begun on his old note, crying that he was a poor man, that these were his master's, and that he should die dishonored, and the like of that. I stowed the bag about my waist, and was for giving him some lessons in truth and honesty.

"This learns us, old gentleman"—I began solemnly, when he broke in, paying no heed, and, to my surprise in quite another voice:

"Sir, you are a man of your hands," he said, "and one that takes the hazards, I suppose."

"All are one to me," I said merrily.

"Then," he said earnestly, "here is something for your digestion. You have a small spoil there, wrested from me, after hard years of labor and toil. But what if you had the chance to double, nay, to quadruple, it?" he asked, pushing his nag close to mine in his anxiety to be understood.

"What mean ye?" I asked.

"'Tis true," he said, "that I am a poor man. But I have labored hard and have collected some few pieces of gold. I should lose them with an ill mind. Yet I have, like yourself, a heart for hazards, and I will make you an offer," he says. I stared on him in wonder. "You shall come with me," he pursued, catching my arm eagerly, "to my solitary house, and there you shall dice against me; and, if so be I lose, you shall have not only what you hold now, but all that is mine therein, which is four times this little. But if so be the lot falls to me, then you shall surrender what you have, and leave me in peace."

Now I sat looking on this strange creature with his strange proposal for some minutes in silence, for what he suggested perplexed me. And yet it tickled my curiosity. I could see the perils of it, but if he played me fair, there was something attractive in the notion. I am not a glutton for a guinea, but I like a game of chance. And so, said I, at last, revolving it all in my mind:

"Lead on, old beetle, and I follow. But beware lest you play me false."

"Sir, it shall be as I say," he answered, not without some dignity. And so we jogged along together in the direction he had pointed, but, as you may suppose, with one eye upon the lank old rogue.

Presently a twist of the lane brought us to an open green, in which twinkled a few lights, and I now pushed my mare abreast of the other nag and redoubled my watchfulness of my shifty companion.

"Sir," says he now in a trembling voice, "we are nearly at our destination, and I am obliged to you for your courtesy."

"You may quit civil terms," I said shortly, "until this occasion is celebrated. Where is your house?"

"Straight across the green," said he mildly, and we turned the horses thither.

I swear you shall sit in Paradise and be no worse for it a whit—only old stingy, sober-sides yonder

I was not afraid of a mere village, let alone a puling hamlet but somehow I distrusted my companion, and I was not for being tricked by an old knave. So I was not taken aback when, our horses swinging into a lane off the green, we came abruptly under the lights of a tavern.

"Joshua! Peter! Help! Thieves!" screamed the old man, suddenly seizing my leg.

But the old villain had reckoned without Dick Ryder, though there are plenty that would have been put about by the unexpectedness of the trick. I seized his rein swiftly, leaving him to pinch my leg as he willed, and, giving his nag the tip of my boot simultaneously, in a moment we were in a sharp canter. The tavern lights slipped by, and though I could hear the tramp of feet and the sound of voices, and guessed that some within had responded to his shouts, I had old bag of bones safe and sorry. And first I gave him a nudge in the belly that righted him in the saddle, for he was almost falling 'twixt the horses.

"You old Satan!" I cried. "Think you thus to cajole and cozen Galloping Dick? Gadslife, I'll take double toll of you forthwith."

"You cannot do that," he said sighing. "You have all."

"Well, riddle me if I do not riddle you," I said.

He showed no sign at that, but burst out after a moment as if he had been thinking.

Continued on page 166.

Books and Their Makers

By Bookshelf

With this issue Canada Monthly starts a book department. If its readers approve it, it will be carried on. Its origin is to be found in the scores of letters to the editor from time to time written by subscribers who are interested in books, and want to know more about new books and the people behind them. "Give us news of new books," says one, and "Why haven't you a section in Canada Monthly that will have a special appeal to bookish people?" writes another. For bookish people, then, this department will be included hereafter. It is in the hands of a competent and well-known critic. The method to be followed will be to notice all books, and to deal lengthily and broadly with outstanding new books. The department, in short, aims to be a causerie on books and their makers. Its editor will be glad to have any correspondence on literary matters, and where it is universally interesting, publish it: in all cases, replies will gladly be sent to correspondents. Canada Monthly feels that to be in touch with its readers by the medium of their taste and interest in things bookish is to be near them indeed.—The Editor.

Strong Canadians

I HAVE borrowed this title from a recent issue of the *British Weekly* of London, England. It was the caption for a letter-article from the pen of "Claudius Clear," who is none other than Sir William Robertson Nicoll, one of England's important essayists, and himself a dean among bookmen. His article dealt with two books, one of them Augustus Bridle's "Sons of Canada" (Toronto) J. M. Dent & Son, $1.50 net. So far as Canadian books are concerned this is indisputably the book of the year, and should compel the interest of such of us as are glad to see important books by Canadians, not only because it is written by a Canadian, nor only because it deals with Canadians, but because it is a book which in its line, biography, must take its place at once as a rare and brilliant achievement. It is a series of studies of outstanding Canadians—strong Canadians. A book of this kind should have been written long ago, for we need to be told that the great ones of the earth are not all outside our own country. A prophet is not without honor . . . may be a hackneyed truism, but it is still a truism. We are apt to think of financial giants and political chiefs and titans in art and consider only those in the United States, in England, in the countries of the older world, in any old country and of any old nation rather than of our own. A book of this kind pulls us up short. One feels on reading it that one lives and works in a country that is itself producing great men, men whose achievement in whatever sphere is their's is outstanding and superlative. The thought con-

Augustus Bridle, the author of "Sons of Canada," the most important item in a year of Important Canadians

tributes to a national pride which, unlike some feeling that passes for that, has real and unquestioned justification. Yet though a book of this kind should have been written long ago I am unable to call to mind the name of any single writer who could have done it so well. Such a book waited for a mind like that of Augustus Bridle. We have few such in the country. It is not a little significant that Mr. Bridle left out of his "Sons of Canada" any studies of Canadian authors. It is just as well for in this field alone we have no really great Canadians (I am thinking just now of fictionists, particularly). We have famous novelists, it is true. Arthur Stringer, Gilbert Parker, L. M. Montgomery, Ralph Connor. But if these are famous so was Bertha M. Clay. No one could accuse the man behind that *nom de plume* of being great! Stringer is a past-master at the art of telling detective and political stories. Mrs. Montgomery has enraptured hundrdes of thousands of school-girls with her "girl" stories. Sir Gilbert Parker has made stories out of history and they have sold, which is a tribute to the penchant for history-study and a testimony to the fact that we have a storied past rather than that Sir Gilbert is a great writer. No Canadian has yet arisen whose novels deal intimately and interestingly with life. We have no Wells, no Bennett, no Galsworthy, no Edith Wharton, no London, who have rarely bothered to fictionise since they were busy in telling of life as they have actually seen it. And literature is life: life is literature. Mere novelising isn't. Mr. Bridle was probably unable to find any great Canadian novelist, so he omitted all our story-writers.

But this is the cart before the horse. What is *in* the book is important. Such figures as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Reverend Albert Carman, Sir William Peterson, Dr. A. S. Vogt, E. Wyly Grier, Colonel Denison, Baron Shaughnessy, and Dr. J. A. Macdonald are a few out of the thirty-four of the sons of Canada whom Mr. Bridle reflects. He does so in every case very admirably. His method may be said to be that of A. G. Gardiner, the brilliant editor of the London *Daily News* who in "Prophets, Priests and Kings" and other and similar books studied great world figures. Mr. Bridle, nevertheless, though he has Mr. Gardiner's impressionistic method, is, taking it by and

large, I do not hesitate to say, a greater than Gardiner. He is very different, for he is always Bridlesque, and he has managed, as Mr. Gardiner never has done and one ventures to think never will do, to leave all party prejudice and personal bias out of account. Thus Mr. Bridle out-Gardiners Gardiner. He sees his men as they are, and though he does not overlook their faults, he prefers to pay more attention to their virtues. Living and working in Canada as he does, and editing an important weekly paper, *The Canadian Courier* the author has proved himself as great in heart as any of his heroes.

Trifling details give place, in sketch after sketch, to broad and far more significant sweeps. Mr. Bridle doesn't bother much with the year a man was born, nor how old he was when he cut his teeth. But he is concerned in seeing his man as a whole, by and through his works. Reputation gives place to character. These are character studies, never mere recitals of reputation. The men studied are seen in the light of what they themselves are doing and have done. As one reads monograph after monograph one is impressed with the capacity of the author for swift and sure discernment. There is not one single study which is not faithful and finished. That is a tribute to the mentality of the man who has made the studies.

It would be difficult to take up any particular sketch. They are all indeed equally brilliant. One wonders, perhaps, at some omissions. I should like to have seen W. F. Maclean, M.P., sketched in this book. If ever there was an outstanding Canadian he is one. Sir Hugh Graham is another. In both cases, it is true, Mr. Bridle would not, could not have been wholly commendatory but then neither has he been in the excellent study of Henri Bourassa nor of Sir Robert Borden, nor of Sir Henry Pellatt. Can we not, too, exclaim at the exclusion of J. W. Flavelle? And did not John R. Booth deserve a place in this gallery? These may not be great men, but they are important figures. Perhaps Mr. Bridle is going to give us another book, along similar lines. I do hope so. His experiment in this is so certainly successful. "Sons of Canada" is the most important book by a Canadian in many moons. I venture to think its author had a purpose. Whether he had or no his book will bring home to us that, if a country be judged by the greatness of its human products, then ours is a great country. We owe Mr. Bridle much for showing us that. As a work, the book itself is well done. It is the work of a keenly analytical mind and a literary power and excellence rare in present day biographers.

A "Poetry" Year

PARTICULARLY important, too, is the output of Canadian poetry this year. In this regard Canada has had a banner year, for not only have there been several volumes published, but the quality of the contents is noteworthy. We cannot but take pride, as a nation and people, in the splendor and unusualness, both, of such poems as are contained in "Canadian Poets," chosen and edited by John Garvin (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, $2.50). From time to time there have been many collections and anthologies of the work of Canadian poets. Some have deserved to live, and are still living. Some should have died immediately after birth. Mr. Garvin's book, however, is the most deserving of attention inasmuch as it is the work of a man of some discrimination in the direction of poetical criticism, and is a collection far fuller and more wide in scope than any of its kind which have yet appeared. In addition to that each author included in this anthology is sketched at some length for the reader and a photograph helps the reader to see what manner of person the writer is. The photographs are, frankly, nothing to write home about. The sketches are very excellent. Incidentally they reveal the fact that most of the Canadian poets, though Canadianized, are foreign—in most cases British—born. Their residence and work here, however, enables us to think of them as Canadians, in many cases, while of those who live and move and make their poems and their money without, our boundaries we may at least claim their Canadian birth.

The volume is remarkable for the number of newer and younger poets quoted. Among these are such names as James B. Dollard, one of the greatest of Canadian singers, Norah M. Holland whose work has a virility and wild music all its own, J. E. Middleton, "J. E. M." of a Toronto daily, whose poem "Off Heligoland" moves statelily from start to finish. This, by the way, is also included in "Peoms of the Great War" (Macmillan, $1.50). To these and such as them Canada owes a renaissance in poetic literature which makes thoughtful people reflect that our greatest poets are not those who have passed altogether. Marjorie Pickthal, perhaps, has the true poetic instinct more than any other of the younger poets, and is indeed already a singer known and loved by many thousands of readers of the reviews and magazines flippantly referred to as "highbrow". One wonders, rather, at the exclusion of Agnes Maule Machar, a well known and versatile writer of verse, and doubtless some lovers of poetry wonder why the quiet and rarely beautiful work of Reuben Butchart is not there to be sampled. Very well might Mr. Garvin have dropped Virna Sheard and Helen Merrill, our faddists in verse. But "Canadian Poets" is a book to possess and to read and re-read. It is a notable achievement, complimentary alike to most poets therein represented to Canada generally, and to its editor and compiler.

The Novel of the War

INDISPUTABLY the biggest and best of war novels is "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," by H. G. Wells (Toronto; Macmillan, $1.50). This is not only the best novel on the war, but also the best of Wells's work. It is the story of England and the English and is more of a monograph upon the national temper and temperament when war broke out compared with that of to-day than anything else. It has little plot, but in its intimacy and power of description of and reflection on the Englishman, it is immense. Through Mr. Britling the man or woman who doesn't know England and the English can best and most quickly get to know them.

Mr. Britling, quite probably, is Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells treats the reader to a view of people and conditions in a Southern village, first before war and secondly after war. With a masterly hand he depicts the change in things external, index to the change in the collective mind of England as the war turns out to be anything but the small twopenny-halfpenny affair which English people had at first thought. Mr Britling is determined to see it through. How he does is told in the book. Mr. Britling loses much. His son is killed. His cherished views and attitudes, his poses and his affectations, typical of his countrymen—all are gone. The war makes Mr. Britling have the thing out with man and his fellows and God. History will set its seal on this book. No one but Mr. Wells could have written it. Everybody should read it and get from it sane ideas on the war as it affects the temper and temperament of England and the English.

A Nature Student

AN unusual book and one worthy attention is from the pen of a more or less new writer, Duncan Armbrest. His book, "The Beech Woods" is a type of which we could do with more samples. It aims to tell of the beauties of the ever-varying landscape in Canada and is really a series of

Continued on page 170.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

RECENT issues of most of our exchanges, especially the papers from the smaller towns and villages, have been chiefly devoted to discussions of their municipal elections; events that in some communities appear to compete with the war itself in public interest. In the larger cities it is noticeable that interest in municipal affairs, including the annual elections, has dwindled since the beginning of the war, and small space is given to them in the metropolitan dailies. Nevertheless our brother editors throughout Canada are still able to turn their minds occasionally from the great war problems of the day and the more transient problems connected with the election of mayors, councillors, reeves, et al, and produce thoughtful articles of more than local interest. The first example to hand is that from the *Kitchener News-Record*, which notes the birth of a new manufacturing industry in Canada. It says:

To a firm in Newmarket, Ont., a small town north of Toronto, belongs the credit of being the first Canadian concern to manufacture wooden lead pencils.

Heretofore the lead pencils used in this country have been imported chiefly from Austria, while some were purchased from English and United States' makers.

It is pleasing to learn that this Newmarket firm has been able to manufacture a lead pencil which is in every way satisfactory to the trade. As a consequence, orders are pouring in such numbers that their mills are kept busy supplying the demand.

The company has been manufacturing woodenware for seventy years but will devote its entire plant to the making of lead pencils and in the near future will move its heavy machinery, required in the manufacture of woodenware, to a new mill nearer the timber supply.

Here's to the Canadian lead pencil. May its lead always be of the right texture, be easily sharpened and hold its point. Here's hoping that the pioneers may build up a large trade for it through the support of pleased patrons.

Lloyd-George's Message

THE great event of the month, one of the great events of history, was the speech of David Lloyd-George upon assuming the Premiership of Great Britain. Every newspaper in Canada practically has commented upon it; and the opinion is unanimous that he spoke not only for the British Isles but for British people everywhere when he announced that there could be no peace without reparation, and adequate guarantees for the future. His message to Canada and to the other British Dominions is thus commented on by the *Mail and Empire* in a leading article:—

It is a rare thing, possibly one without precedent, for the British Prime Minister to send to the people of the overseas Dominions a message in his own name. Such communications usually come from the Sovereign, and are for the purpose of expressing the Royal approval of something that has been done in behalf of the Empire. Months ago the King made a general appeal for greater efforts on the part of his subjects to win the war, but it was addressed to the Empire at large, not specifically to the United Kingdom or the Dominion. Mr. Lloyd-George, Britain's new Prime Minister, is intent on the one business of bringing to bear the collective strength of the Empire against the enemy. It is to perform that task he was called to office. He means not to delay or omit the taking of any step that seems to him conducive to that end. He communicates with Canada in the same free and earnest manner in which he communicates with Allied nations. It was not to thank us, to commend us, or to convey complimentary sentiments of any kind that he cabled this message. It was to tell us that the British people are more determined than ever to leave nothing undone in the way of service and sacrifice to bring the war to a triumphant issue, and to say that he has confidence and there is the same determination in the people of the Dominions. He shows us what the spirit of the Canadian people to be the same. He goes forward in the strong confidence that the will and the might of the whole British Empire are supporting him. Shall Canada disappoint him? Not if the men Canada has now fighting in the van of the war are a fair sample of our country as a whole. Mr. Lloyd-George understands his mission, and can be depended upon to do everything in his power to carry it out. We must all back him up. Canadians who have not yet answered the call for defence or for such other national service as they are capable of rendering ought to answer it now by stepping forward and offering themselves. The beginning of the Lloyd-George Administration ought to be seized upon as the opening of a new and more auspicious period in the war, as the time fitting for deferred volunteering to be done. Mr. George's message to Canada ought to be understood as a rousing appeal for assistance, and it ought to be answered by a rousing recruiting movement.—Exchange.

Noted Publisher Dead

MOST of our readers, we are sure, have enjoyed as much as we have reading the some of the opinions culled from Canada's weekly newspapers. It is an erorr common to many people who live in Toronto, Montreal and other large cities to suppose that the city papers alone mould public opinion. Some of the weeklies have quite as much influence, in proportion to their circle of readers as the great dailies. One of the best of the weekly papers of Canada is the *Orillia Packet*, one of whose publishers died a few days ago. His death caused much regret, and we republish a short sketch of his career from the *Collingwood Bulletin*.

By the death of Mr. Geo. H. Hale, of Hale Bros., publishers of *The Packet*. on Wednesday, Orillia lost a most estimable citizen and Canadian journalism a notable figure. Mr. Hale who had been ill for several weeks, would have been seventy years of age had he lived until Thursday. As it was it is believed he was the oldest newsapper man in Simcoe county.

Mr. Hale was born in Omemee, and went to Orillia from Lindsay in 1868 as foreman of *The Expositor*. Two years later, with his brother, W. M. Hale, he founded *The Packet*. He was a life-long advocate of temperance, and an ardent prohibitionist. During the Fenian raid he did guard duty with the militia, and for many years was actively connected with the 35th Battalion, Simcoe Foresters.

In 1874 he was married to Marion, daughter of the late James Gow. Besides his wife he leaves two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Mr. C. H. Hale, who is connected with *The Packet*, is chairman of the Orillia Water, Light and Power Commission, and president of the Simcoe Press Association.

Deceased was an Anglican and a staunch Conservative. He had a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of local historical events was remarkable. The funeral took place to St. James' Church, at 2.30 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Building Ships

CANADA is building ships for Norway. This is done with the permission of the Imperial government. The *London Times* says that the construction of large ships at present in Canadian yards for neutral owners "certainly seems remarkable" but not more so than the fact that vessels should now be allowed to be built in the United Kingdom for neutral firms. Since the beginning of the war, 1,820 merchant marine vessels with gross tonnage of 3,328,584 have been sunk. It will probably take ten years to replace the tonnage lost in war time. A great part of it is British. Canada's enterprise in building ships is laudable, but these ships should be constructed for British, not foreign, owners. The British Empire needs new tonnage now; it will need more after the war. Cannot the Empire's Governments and the shipping interests agree to build at present only for the family?—*The Monetary Times*.

New Coin Wanted

EVERY article which we buy has taken such a leap above its former price that we are learning to be surprised at nothing observes the *London Advertiser*. If a grocer should ask us 25 cents a bag for salt instead of 5 cents, we should in all probability hand him our previous "two bits" and walk away with the purchase, murmuring something about the high cost of living. Instead of merely grumbling about the high prices of commodities and the slimness of our purses, we should try to do something to improve conditions. If our eyes were open we should see that the very currency which we use is far from being conducive to eceoomy. In Canada there is no coin between the 1-cent and the 5-cent piece. Consequently, many articles worth 2½ cents are sold for 5 cents, and articles worth 12½ cents are marked 15 cents or two for a quarter, merely for the sake of convenience.

The United States has demanded a 2½ cert coin and consequently the director of currency of that country has recommended the passage of a law authorizing such a coin. In the course of time Canada will doubtless also issue a 2½ cent piece, otherwise we will find the American 2½ cent pieces filling Canadian purses and tills. The economic value of such a coin is undeniable. The war has raised the price of many small articles from 5 cents to 10 cents simply because 10 cents was the next convenient amount. If a 2½ cent piece were in circulation these articles would be marked 7½ cents, and the purchaser would save 2½ cents on the article. In this way small amounts saved at the lunch counter and in the 5 and 10-cent stores would help to balance the increase expenditure for potatoes and eggs.

Naval Losses

A SUMMARY of the total losses of the various Entente navies in warships since the beginning of hostilities, according to German figures, has been given out by the Oversea News Agency as follows:

British warships, 123, of a total of 563,200 tons.
French, 29 ships, 53,900 tons.
Italian, 20 ships, 63,600 tons.
Russian, 16 ships, 54,800 tons.
Japanese, 4 ships, 9,100 tons.
Total, 192 ships, 834,600 tons.

We may not know until after the war just what the Teutonic losses have been. We do know, however, that after the Jutland battle the German losses were grossly understated in the German official report.—*Moncton Times*.

Boys in Khaki

AMBITIOUS and patriotic mothers in Peterborough whose boys are too young for military service have arrayed them in miniature uniforms of the King. There is no garb possible to devise that so becomes a sturdy Canadian of tender years, and boys so dressed have been noticed wherever they went, dignified colonels and captains often conferring upon them the distinction of the military salute.

But the wearing of uniforms by non-combatants has become too common. A man too proud—or too timid—to fight has donned the khaki and passed as a hero among strangers. Frauds have been perpetrated under the protection of the King's outfit. An order has gone forth making it a misdemeanor to wear any resembling military uniform by a person not regularly enlisted. This edict applies to the case of children.

It is too bad that the boys can no longer appear in their cute military habiliments. No one would mistake these little fellows for the one who was trying to make his way in life under false pretenses. The sight of a boy of four or five years with sturdy frame encased in khaki has caused many a young man to consider his own duty in the matter and has sent him to the recruiting office.—*Peterborough Review*

Experiences

EXPERIENCES grave and gay jostle together with uncermonious and undesirable familiarity in human life. In physical nature sunshine and shadow, night and day, cold and heat interplay as old-time actors in the Time theatre of the world. In the realm of human experience a similar abandon of antithemal experiences is to be found. As an instance Rev. L. W. Hill last Saturday had a funeral, a marriage, a baptism and a call to another funeral in dramatic succession.—*Ingersoll Chronicle*.

President Wilson's Note

PRESIDENT WILSON'S note to all the belligerents and neutrals has been discussed by the press of Canada whose consensus is that the message was at least untimely and that if it has any effect upon the war it must be a favorable effect with regard to Germany. We reproduce the words of the *Brantford Expositor*, which are typical of the tone of the press generally:—

President Wilson is usually unfortunate when he takes pen in hand to indite a diplomatic note, and his latest performance, in asking the governments of all the warring nations for avowals of their respective views as to terms on which the war might be concluded, and permanent peace ensured, is no exception to the rule. His action is no doubt well intended, but it is ill-timed and will be resented by the Allies as meddlesome interference in view of their definite refusal of Germany's request for a peace conference, and their positive statements as to the only terms upon which peace is possible. These terms are manifestly such as Germany will not accept until she is compelled to do so, and such as she will not now consider. This being the situation, the action of the United States in pressing for a peace conference, looks

like coming to Germany's help by placing the Allies in a false position before the neutral world. Certainly Mr. Wilson should not have addressed any such note to the powers without first having the assurance of all of them that it would be favorably received, and any such assuracne has certainly not been given.

An American Heligoland

THE sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States, important though the transfer may be to Uncle Sam is discussed by the *London Advertiser* in one of the scholarly articles that is characteristic of it:

The acceptance by the Danish people of the proposal to sell their West India Islands to the United States bids fair to bring to a close negotiations which have been in progress intermittently since the days of Lincoln, and incidentally to terminate one phase of Germany's draem of an aggressive campaign in the western hemisphere. It remains with the Danish Parliament to carry out or reject the mandate of the people. The vote will show whether Prussian influence in the little kingdom is as great to-day as it has proved upon past occasions.

Uncle Sam is badly in need of these island possessions to establish a Heligoland for the Panama Canal. The necessity for a naval station and coaling depot was made apparent during the Civil War, and again during the Spanish-American War. Lincoln and his secretary of war, Seward, first broached the question of purchase with the Danish minister at Washington in 1865, and induced him to bring it before the Danish Government, which, however, refused to consider a deal. Negotiations were later reopened at Copenhagen and again failed.

The Danes were influenced by two conditions. They feared they might offend their big neighbor, Prussia, and they were obliged to consider the attitude of France, which sold Santa Cruz, the largest of the islands, to Denmark, with the stipulation that it should not be transferred without her consent.

In 1867, Denmark offered to sell St Thomas and St John for five million dollars each, and to sell Santa Cruz if France were willing Seward offered half this amount, and Denmark replied, splitting the difference Seward accepted the offer, the Danish Government ratified the treaty, but the United States Senate pigeonholed it through personal spite toward Seward. In 1870 the treaty lapsed and died.

In the meantime the islands were becoming a financial burden to Denmark, and in 1892 the Danish Government reopened negotiations, but the United States declined to move. An offer was again made in 1896 and declined. In 1901 negotiations were reopened by the United States, and a treaty was made to transfer all the islands for $5,000,000, France having given consent for the sale of Santa Cruz. It was then that Germany showed her hand. She had designs upon the Caribbean Sea, Venezuel and the Panama Canal, and succeeded in having the treaty defeated in the Danish Upper House, the Landsthing.

The present war and the operation of the Panama Canal brought home to the Washington authorities the necessity for intrenchment in the canal zone, It was decided that when Germany was busy in the eastern hemisphere the time was ripe for renewing negotiations for the purchase of the islands, but the price involved this time is $25,000,000.

Among the big world events the incident has received little attention, but it is a vastly important step in the military plans of the United States, and one which, possibly, could not be taken if Germany were free to make forcible objection.

An Efficient Recruiting Agency

NEWSPAPER space as a recruiting agency, either for industrial or military service, says the *London Free Press* is proving the most efficient agent that has yet been employed to bring before the people of Canada the need of the hour. The advertising campaign which is being carried on in the newspapers of this country calling for munitions and more munitions, and pointing to the vital part that shells are playing in the war in Europe is educating the people to be ready to respond to the opportunity to serve the nation and empire in the shell-making shops of the country.

Some of these advertisements are most striking in character. A recent "ad" told in a few words the whole story of the shell in war. How that it first broke up the entrenched positions of the enemy; how the attacking allied troops were protected by a "barrage" fire until they had reached the broken trenches, and how this "barrage" was suddenly lifted to a point behind the lines which prevented reinforcements being brought up for the succor of the enemy, or the escape of the enemy troops caught in the destroyed trenches. The remarkable ability of the allied gunners to drop shells at will within a fixed space of a few feet could only have been obtained by the perfect accuracy of the shell itself. Do we not see here the extremely essential part of the shellmaker ?"

The call of empire to-day is to the people to serve in some capacity. First there is the call to the trenches. It comes to the man who is physically fitted for arduous toil under often distressing circumstances. Hardly second in importance is the call to the man and the woman who can assist in the production of shells. Here the stamp of the medical officer is not required. The work of itself is healthful, and if the worker is not physically strong there are numerous lighter tasks to which his or her services may be applied.

Make it a Year

IN many United States cities special days have been set apart for various purposes, as, for instance, Clean-up Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, and now comes news of a Go-To-Church Sunday and a Be-Honest Afternoon, both New York institutions. Of course New York and other American cities know their needs. Perhaps these two last days were specially set apart as the result of the recent discovery that a New York boy had stolen $10 in order that he might get to Boston to hear Billy Sunday preach. In any case it does seem a little curious that only half a day should be set aside to being honest. Can it be New Yorkers consider that quality less important than church-going, to which a whole day is given ? Or is the need not so great ? This is a matter that will bear some looking into.—*Toronto Sunday World.*

May Cure John D.'s Indigestion

IF the faith of John D. Rockefeller is equal to that of a man and his wife residing near here, he may be cured of his indigestion. The couple called on the American consul on Thursday to secure John D's. address. They were told that "New York" ought to catch him, as he was fairly well known. They had a bottle of medicine with them, and declared their intention of sending it on to the oil magnate. If the medicine ever reaches the multi-millionaire, he will quite likely regard it as a poison put up by an enemy's hand, and will probably send it on, without his compliments, to some rival in business. If, however, he should take it and be cured the senders will be in the big reward which he is ready to give any one ridding him of his indigestion, and stand to make a fortune as great as that of the Standard Oil King, especially if he will give them a photo and testimonial for publication.—*Kingston Whig.*

Butter Would Have Increased Cheques

PAKENHAM cheese and butter factory, suspended operations for this season a couple of weeks ago, and closed the most successful one that the factory

has experienced since its first cheese was placed upon the market. The last monthly statement showed the gross returns for the month to be $47.38 ton, and the net $41.61. The total amount of cheese manufactured during the season was 149 tons, netting to the patrons $55,760. To show the total product of the factory there must be added the output of butter, which was 7,540 pounds, and for which $2,119 was received. This added to the output of cheese would make the total product of the factory for the year very close to $58,000. If the butter product had been added monthly to the cheese cheques it would have given the patrons $1.40 a ton more each month than they received for their cheese alone.—*Almonte Gazette.*

Back to a Monarchy?

LESS than thirty years ago Brazil revolted against the Emperor Dom Pedro, drove him so hastily from his country that his empress a few weeks later, suffering from the effects of exposure, died in exile. Now Brazil having built one of the finest royal tombs in the world is taking the remains of the emperor and empress back from Portugal for burial in the soil of the last monarchy overthrown in the western hemisphere. Some people see in it an indication that the Brazilians are tired of a Republican form of government and desire a return of the monarchy. If this is true the Monroe Doctrine is in for another jolt.—*The Belleville Ontario.*

Canadian Poets

JOHN W. GARVIN, B.A., has discovered more Canadian poets than we thought existed says the *Windsor Record.* In his published list there are some we never heard of. Here is Mr. Garvin's selections for the hall of fame: Charles Sangster, Charles Mair, Isabel Valancy Crawford, Charles G. D. Roberts, Arch. Lampman, Frederick George Scott, Wilfred Campbell, George Frederick Cameron, Bliss Carman, S. Frances Harrison, Duncan Campbell Scott, E. Pauline Johnson, E. W. Thomson, Ethelwyn Wetherald, William Henry Drummond, Jean Blewett, Arthur W. H. Eaton, Helena Coleman, Thomas O'Hagan, Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, Albert D. Watson, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Tom McInnes, Helen M. Merrill, Dr. J. D. Logan, Annie Campbell Huestis, Alan Sullivan, Alma Francess McCollum, Peter McArthur, Marjorie L. C. Pickhall, Arthur Stringer, Katherine Hale, Robert Norwood, Marian Osborne, Albert W. Service, Florence Randal Livesay, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, Grace Blackburn, George A. Mackenzie, Gertrude Bartlett, William E. Marshall, Norah M. Holland, Father Dollard, Laura E. McCully, Lloyd Roberts, Beatrice Redpath, Alfred Gordon, Virna Sheard, J. Edgar Middleton, Arthur S. Bourinot.

Dancing and the War

IT is said that in a number of neighboring towns the Councils have decided not to rent the "Town Hall" for the purpose of a dance, or ball, while the war continues.

There are those who see in dancing a form of amusement too frivolous to be indulged in while the serious matter of the war is upon us. It is largely a matter of temperament or education. No doubt there are those who, even in the past year, have been indulging in this amusement or pastime who are not wanting in patriotism nor in sympathy with those whose boys or husbands are in the trenches says the *Lucknow Sentinel.* Those, however, who would dance as frequently and as merrily as they did before the war calamity came upon the world, must be regarded as light in the head as well as in the heels. After all there are not many such in the country, the towns or villages.

It is peculiar that dancing as an amusement is particularly aggravating to those in a sober or melancholy mood. The other evening in the Town Hall more than 400 people of Lucknow and vicinity laughed and cheered most heartily at light entertainment, and for the time forgot all about the world's sorrows. And we thought nothing of it. In fact it was alright. It may not be well to ban amusement too severely lest we come to take too gloomy an outlook.

Doubtless occasional forgetfulness, and indulgence in some form of light amusement will add to efficiency and better fit the nation to sustain the stress of war. And it may be well to let folk choose their own forms of amusement; not forgetting, however, that while the holocaust in Europe is under way and our own boys are there, undue hilarity must excite contempt.

Now someone will ask: What is "undue hilarity?"

Predicts End of War

THAT the war will be over before Christmas day in 1917 is the prediction made by the *Vancouver Sun.* The writer declares that Germany already has reached the point where she must cover real facts from her people.

The menace of a German collapse on the Anglo-French front is so overwhelming that one can hardly withhold some measure of admiration for the epileptic and spectacular methods by which the directors of Germany's war are everywhere trying to cloud the issues and conceal the symptoms of the final paralysis, from her own people and from the world.

Meanwhile, undismayed by the partial arrest of the Russian advance, and the not inconsiderable success of the tremendous diversion, tactically impressive, but strategically insane, attempted against little Roumania, the watchers at home may well be content to draw from the daily bulletins of the protracted battles of the Somme and of Verdun not only consolation but a final presage of impending victory for the great alliance.

July 1st and the first week of September saw great if costly changes in the fortunes of the war in France and Flanders, a turning of the tide which none but the ill-informed or the impatient can mistake for anything approaching suspension or stalemate. The great scale of the preparations for those first glorious days has been justified. It is also being maintained

The time is advancing without haste and without rest. Neither the equinoctial gales nor the first frosts and rains of winter have this time prevailed against the determination of the thin buff and tricolor line from the Vosges Mountains to Dixmunde

If the cost, the daily cost, of this unparalleled battle is heavy in lives and limbs of our brave men, it was foreseen; it too was provided for in advance.

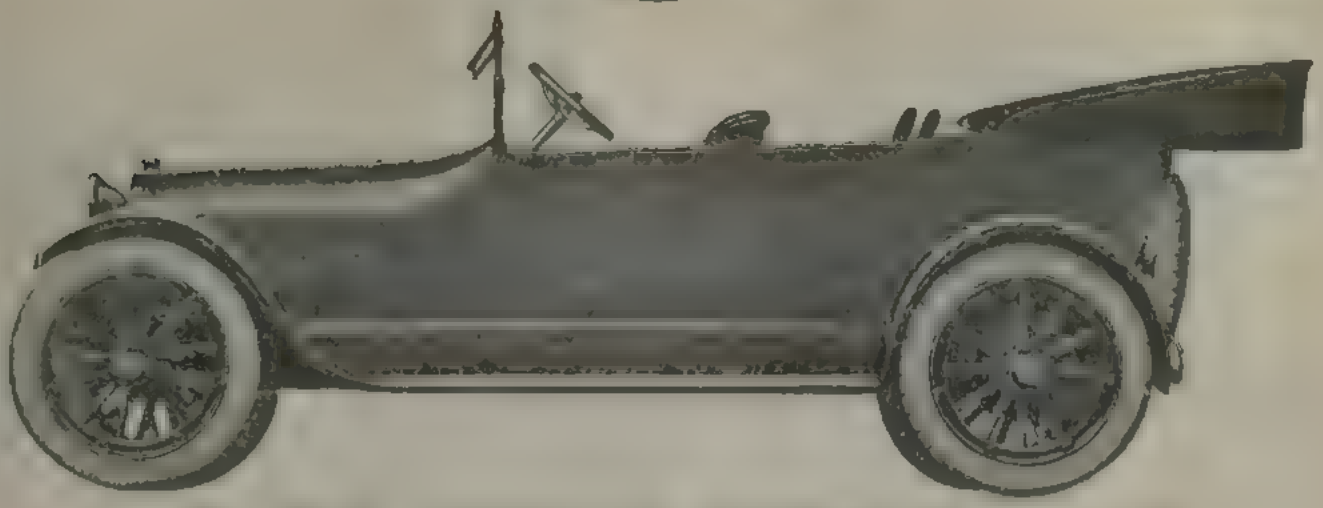
Midwinter itself will not stop the irresistible advance. A continually pierced and broken and receding line cannot straighten itself out, cannot maintain its spirit or its unity, cannot escape the accelerating chastisement of some signal disaster for months on end. Here and here alone through this anxious Christmas time, pregnant with so much change, so much hope, so much foreshortening of the once limitless perspective of war, our eyes should be fixed in confidence of the great onward.

And the names which will be household words in all the homes of freedom, before yet another Christmas dawns, will surely be those of Joffre and Haig, of Gallieni and Lord Kitchener, of Briand and Asquith and Lloyd George.

Cold Storage Abuses

COLD storage ought to be subject to a tax based on profits, a tax that would penalize the exorbitant trader. The men who are making fortunes out of cold storage by their ruthless holding up of the necessaries of life did nothing to confer on the public the benefit of cold storage. It is doubtful if the inventor and improvers of the

Continued on page 171.



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STUDEBAKER NEW SERIES 18 CARS, with seven new, special and exclusive improvements, are FINE CARS, warranted by us to completely satisfy the most particular and fastidious persons. We believe these cars represent the greatest automobile values ever offered to the buying public, and that persons accustomed to paying $2000 or $3000 for cars will, upon examination, concede that these Studebakers equal ANY such cars in quality of material, design, workmanship and finish.

Studebaker has $13,000,000 invested in the most efficient and modern plants, in which it manufactures all of its engines, axles, transmissions, differentials, bodies and tops. Middlemen's profits (parts makers) included in the price of assembled cars and small manufacturers' cars are almost entirely eliminated in Studebaker selling prices. It is necessary to pay from 50% to 100% more than Studebaker prices for cars of corresponding values.

Seven New Improvements and Additions

GUN-METAL FINISH. Original, rich and exclusive finish of deep lustre and permanency. Fenders and aprons are rich, black enamel.

NEW AUXILIARY CHAIRS. Arm chairs, original and exclusive with Studebaker, patent applied for.

These large, roomy and comfortable chairs fold up and slide under rear seat when not in use.

REVERSIBLE FRONT SEAT. Original and exclusive with Studebaker, the front passenger seat is reversible so that passenger can sit facing tonneau or facing forward. Both front seats are adjustable to all leg lengths.

NEW STORM CURTAINS. Of the recent Blackmore design and patent, opening with the doors and thereby preventing crouching and crushed hats.

IMPROVED BODY AND UPHOLSTERY. The body is elegantly finished and equipped—inside and out. The handsome footrail, wide scuff plates, wide doors, handsome door trim, carpeting, etc., all demonstrate quality and refinement. The upholstery is semi-glazed, straight-grained, genuine leather, made to special Studebaker forms, with the best curled hair and long coiled springs.

YALE SWITCH LOCK. Of pin tumbler type, Studebaker design, insuring protection against theft or unauthorized use.

NEW WINTER TOP. Made exclusively for Studebaker cars. Noiseless. Quickly and easily put on or taken off, and fitting perfectly.

Mechanical Improvements

Improvements have been made in the Series 18 Motor, insuring greater smoothness, flexibility, quietness and economy. All noticeable vibration has been eliminated by superior piston design and the stiffening of the motor frame.

The Studebaker-Schebler carburetion system has been developed so that both the FOUR and SIX are the most ECONOMICAL motors on the market in ratio to power. Studebaker lubrication has been further improved. The chassis frame is the same strong, light construction which has characterized all Studebaker cars. The full-floating rear axle construction remains the same in principle as heretofore, but has been further improved and strengthened.

The Four-Cylinder car still remains a forty-horse power car, the Six-Cylinder car still remains a fifty-horse power car. The most powerful cars in the world at their prices.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Chassis	$1195
FOUR Roadster	1280
FOUR Touring Car	1295
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1570
FOUR Landau Roadster	[illegible]

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.

STUDEBAKER

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SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Chassis	$1495
SIX Roadster	1580
SIX Touring Car	1595
SIX Landau Roadster	1785
SIX Every-Weather Car	1820
SIX Touring Sedan	2245
SIX Coupe	2310
SIX Limousine	3430

All Prices F O B Walkerville

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteeth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.
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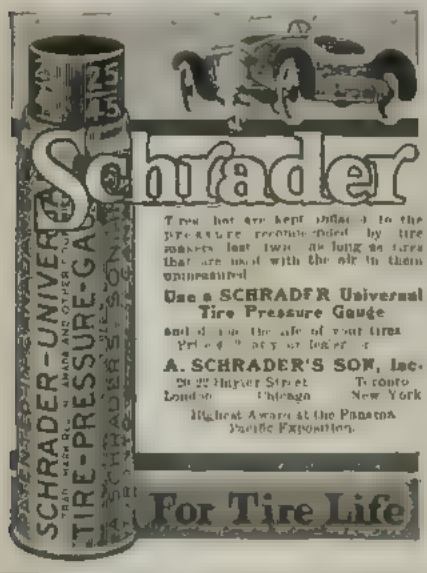

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44 Adelaide St., West,

TORONTO, - - ONTARIO.

Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 161.

his best and had made a splendid showing. He had finally got things to a point where $25,000 in cash would make smooth sailing. It was then after banking hours and he realized that unless the money was in evidence before they opened in the morning that all was lost. He could not go to the banks themselves without exciting more suspicion. But he got the money. When he told me where, I could only gasp. He had loaned the money himself. 'But you have not got that much,' I stammered. 'Not in the bank,' answered my manager, 'but I got it on my insurance policy. I have been carrying $50,000 for ten or fifteen years. It has taken every nickel I could spare above living expenses but it has insured comfort for my family. I knew the affairs of the firm were safe and I was willing to stand by your family and your name.'

"Gentlemen, the manager did not suffer from his deed you may be sure. As I talked the matter over with him the question of insurance came up I needed no argument to show me what an anchor it could be in time of storm. I had been shown. I took out a big policy on my business that week and I have enlarged it several times since. It's the best investment I have."

A GRAY haired little fellow with a red, deeply wrinkled face had been listening to the stories in silence and it was not until the tale of the wholesaler had been told that his interes seemed to awake. He now leaned forward and nodded his head vigorously.

"That's right," he exclaimed, 'insurance in business is all that is claimed for it. My own affairs were nearly wrecked one time on account of a death and the man was only an employe. A man on a salary of less than $50 a week hardly seems to be in a position to wreck a big business, yet that is just what came very near happening to mine.

"I am a brass and ornamental iron maker in a western city. I might add that my firm is one of the largest west of Toronto and the output of my factory goes to a score of countries. Among my men a few years ago was a tall Scotchman from Glasgow. He was a designer of rare merit and whenever a particular job came in he was called upon to put his artistic ability to the test, I have three or four other men of excellent ability, but none that could compare with him. His design were always unusual, strong, artistic and beautiful. He was a steady old fellow and had but one bad habit, drink. I think it was that that held him in a position where he could only hope for a salary not much larger than some of my skilled mechanics were getting. Under ordinary circumstances he could have been earning many thousands a year, but the big Eastern firms knew him and his weakness and would not hire him. I was not in a position at the time he joined my force to be particular over little things and I was in fact delighted that I could secure his services for a moderate salary. I believed I could arrange it so that his sprees would not interfere to any great extent with the work

"For several years things ran along in fair shape with him and while he occasionally disappeared for days at a time to reappear weak and trembling from the effects of his debauch, he did not absent himself when any important deal was at stake

"I was just congratulating myself on my securing his services when the blow fell. A contract was announced for the brass work of a great public building. The total was over $75,000 and called for many pieces such as elevator doors and grill, ornamental lamp posts, stair railings, door plates and numerous other things. The designers of the building declared in their call for bids that it would be decided not only on price but on beauty and utility of designs. It was requested that whatever motif be used for one thing be used for all and it was suggested that inasmuch as the building had to deal with law that the figure of Justice and the arms of the province be joined with the provincial flower. It was not exactly the combination an artist would have chosen, but it made a big hit with the politicians and as it was a provincial job that was all that was necessary.

"Well, I called in my Scotchman and outlined the idea and asked him to get busy on designs. It was easy to see that he was delighted with the possibilities of the thing and he immediately went to work at it with an enthusiasm that I had never seen before. He worked in secret and even his fellow designers were refused admittance to his office.

"When the designs were completed he showed them to me I was delighted and because of their wondrous beauty and the price I knew I would bid I already could feel the contract in my pocket. The designs and bid were submitted and sure enough I got the contract.

"My designer bore away the designs from the contractor's office and started for home On the way he stepped into a saloon to celebrate the finish of his task. Several hours later he staggered out and a few minutes later stumbled headlong into the river. His body as never recovered. With him went the only copies of the designs. I found

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Such cars could not be sold at such prices but for the economies made possible by our enormous production.

See these Touring Sedans. Make your selection now—either a Four or a Six.

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CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

myself in a terrible position. I had ordered heavily of brass and had installed new machinery and many other things that I could have afforded easily enough had the contract gone through. Now I was helpless. The contractors refused to take any other designs and, in fact, there was not time to make up a new set even if my men had been capable. The contract was called in and given to a trade rival.

"It was by the narrowest margin that I escaped bankruptcy. I needed $10,000 so badly that I literally got on my knees to a local banker. I got the money, but my hair turned gray over night from worry.

"I made vows, you may be sure, that the thing would never happen again and that duplicates and other safeguards would be established. But in spite of this the thought came to me what would I do in case some great design was locked in the head of one of my designers and death should come suddenly. This led me to wonder what I would do if my sales manager should die, or my head bookkeeper. I had entrusted much of my business to them. Their sudden taking away would mean trouble of all sorts. It was not possible for me or any other man to carry in his head all the details of a great business like mine. I wondered if there was no way I could protect myself. I knew of none. That night going home on the car I heard the man next to me mention 'industrial insurance.' The words stuck in my mind and I asked a friend their meaning. He told me. To-day there is not an important man on my salary rolls that is not insured by me. If one of them dies to-morrow I will receive a cash benefit that will do much to make up any losses I should incur. It does not cost me much, as I have a blanket contract. I think it one of the best business moves I ever made."

THE tall man with the heavy glasses had been listening attentively to all that had been said and once or twice had commented on the stories. He reached in his pocket as the manufacturer finished and drawing out a small pocketbook poured a mass of coins in his hand. It was easy to see that they were "pocket-pieces" mainly foreign or very old coins. Among them, however, the gleam of gold could be seen and it was this precious bit that the man finally picked out and handed to his nearest neighbour.

"That is what signed my policy for me," he said. "I am a school teacher and the bit of gold you have there is one of two medals I bought as prizes for my boys. Four years ago I became keenly interested in the study of social science and I soon found that many of my students were equally interested. My school was situated in a district populated to a great extent by foreign born citizens and while socialism was stronger than social science, a few saw into the folly of one and to the other and the children often were arbitrators at home of discussions of no mean merit.

"It was not long until a club was formed among the older boys in the school and I was elected president. We had as our chief object the study of economics and social science, although the social and athletic sides were not totally ignored.

"My son Roy was a member of the class and of the club, and it was he that suggested an original prize should be arranged with a medal or a prize. It was decided that the contest be held the last day of school and that the winner be decided by vote of the boys.

"In some way the news went out and a big newspaper printed the story. This led to the awakening of interest in the work among boys throughout the city and among them was a wealthy merchant whose interest in children was known throughout the state. He visited our meeting one night and was prevailed upon to make a short talk. You can imagine my delight when he concluded his remarks by offering a four years' course in a famous college to the winner. This, of course, added a great impetus to the enthusiasm and the boys worked over their orations and spent hours in pouring over books.

It soon became clear from the short talks made in the regular meetings that the prize would fall between two boys. Their arguments were keen and forceful and they showed a depth of insight that would not have shamed a man student. I decided to have another medal struck off for the boy who came next to the prize winner. I did this in an effort to stay the tide of disappointment that would be sure to engulf the loser.

"On the night of the oration our school room was packed to the doors. Everything went smoothly and the boys outdid themselves. The vote was taken and Frank Wilson won the prize by a narrow margin. George Martin came in for the second. They were the two that all had expected to win. Even while we were congratulating them however, the door opened and a policeman appeared. He beckoned to me and when I reached his side asked me to step into the hall. His errand was soon finished.

"A factory floor had collapsed and borne to death a score of men that had been engaged in working on a rush order. Among them were the fathers of four of my boys and among that four were the fathers of the two prize

winners. I will not dwell on the heart-breaking task of telling the boys in the flush of their victory this sad news or on the horror of the rest of their classmates. At the end of two weeks Frank Wilson appeared at my office and with tears in his eyes handed me the slip of paper that entitled him to his college course. 'I can't use it,' he explained. 'I have got to work now and support mother and the little ones. Dad didn't leave a dollar."

"I had been afraid of this very thing and was at a loss to know what to say. I suggested laying the matter before the giver of the course, but this Wilson refused to listen to. It seemed too much like charity. He wished me to give the course to his nearest rival, George Martin.

" But Martin must be in the same position you are,' I protested. 'No,' he said, 'Martin's father carried insurance and the family will have a monthly income for years.' He choked a bit and then suddenly burst out, 'Why didn't Dad think of mother and the kids? It wasn't because he was stingy. He spent his last dollar on us. I don't understand it.'

"The boy rushed from the room.

"Well, later, Martin was prevailed upon to take the college course. My son stood third in the voting and Martin insisted on giving him the medal he had won. My boy gave it to me. The night he presented it to me I sat in the library of our little home with the golden disc in my hand and thought things over. I was receiving a good salary as salaries go in our profesion and I even had a good bit in the bank, but—with pencil and paper I began to figure out what would happen at my death provided it was in the near future. I was horrified to discover that the money in the bank would not more than pay the rest of my debt on my home and funeral expenses. My wife and children would be dependent on their own exertions.

"I had planned big things for my boy and we had talked often of what he would do when he finished college and was embarked on his chosen profession. The thought came home with sickening force as I stared at the medal, 'What would happen if I should go to-morrow?' The words of Wilson came to me—'Why didn't dad think?' I had turned down insurance agents time after time because I believed I could not afford old line and was afraid of lodge insurance. As I stared at the medal, however, I suddenly realized I could not afford to be without it. I arranged for a policy the next day and I found that there were a dozen little items we could do without and use the money thus saved for the policy. I have carried it ever since and, in fact, increased it.

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Values

Continued from page 154.

"Sir, I acknowledge I was at fault," he said, "but to prove my truth this time, you shall do with me what you will, provided only you take the direction I point out. I was misled by false hopes through passing of the inn."

"Is't your house and the dice you are still hankering after?" I asked.

He assented, and I shook him well into the saddle.

"Very well," I said, after a little. "I am still free for a toss. Come now, hold up, old mawkin, and shut your mouth, or I'll leave you on one of those fields for what you are fitted for—and that's a scarecrow."

"I will obey orders," he said submissively. "I am in your hands."

Well, I will own it was an odd business, this compact with the old trickster, but I was in a gamesome mood, and cared not. And, moreover, I was assured that he had had a lesson in conduct and would not attempt his treachery again. In this I was right, for there was nothing happened until we had pulled up before a house in a lonely road.

"This is where I live," said he, and would have descended; but I was before him, and took him out of the saddle myself, leading him to the door. He opened it, and, still under my hand, fumbled for a flint and stock, and so struck a light. The room in which we found ourselves was large and gloomy, with flagged floors, and an old table with two chairs stood before a dying fire. I looked on with a grin while he made his preparations, which he did with a shaking hand.

He went to a cupboard, and not knowing what he would bring forth thence, I caught hold of his arm, at which he turned in a frenzy.

"You will get nothing more. 'Tis all hid," he cried excitedly. "Know this, that if you ransacked this house from floor to garret you would find nothing."

"Pooh!" said I, "'tis the dice I want, and let's see who is master."

'Twas the dice, after all, that he was searching for, and when these were gotten out we sat to table, the light between us.

"Faith, old man," said I, "'tis cheerless hospitality. Where is your bottle?"

He rose mumbling, and went to the cupboard again, whence he took a bottle and glasses, and poured forth some *eau de vie*. He fumbled with the dice.

"The first throw, my nobleman," said I, "and if ye win here's your guineas." I set 'em on the table, and his eyes greened over with delight. But his fingers still shook. I rattled the box, and threw two fours. Out went his talons greedily to clutch the box, and he rattled and rattled till I thought he would never cease.

"Come, venture," I adjured him. "Launch your ships!"

There was a gurgle in his throat, and spasmodically the box went over. He had cast a four and a three. A scream escaped him, and he sat leaning against the table like a palsied man.

"You have no luck," said I grinning. "And now for the coffers!"

He made no move, so I clapped the pistol to his head.

"On my oath, I will fire," said I, "if you do not carry out your word, like a man of honor."

His meagre face, fallen into ridges with age and wickedness, I doubt not, was now swollen out like a baby's that gasps for breath; and he made a gulp of his breathing.

"Stay, good sir," says he, quavering and clutching of the table. "I have another course to propose—a merry course."

Well, I was weary of him and his tricks, and his whims, and his evasions; so I clapped cold steel on his grey hairs.

"Give up! Concede!" I threatened.

He clasped at my arm with his claws, tremulously.

"I will give up. You shall have all," says he, gasping, "but there is something better." He gazed wildly about the stone room, and his eyes lighted on something that seemed to stir him to speech. "I have good sir," he went on in a wheedling, carneying voice, "God hath blessed me with a lovely daughter—a beautiful innocent." He held up his hands as though in admiration.

"The more is she to be pitied for such a father," said I.

"Sir," said he eagerly, "we will have one more throw. Sir, the dice be ready to hand. And you shall wager your winnings and all against my lovely daughter, the beauteous innocent."

I was taken aback in fair amazement at the old goat's proposal, but I was not the one to stay at a good hazard, no, nor one to buy a pig in a poke. So says I to the lean old miser:

"Where is this daughter of yours whom you rate so highly?"

He stared about the room, as if listening. "She should be in bed," says he. "Oh, she is a pretty innocent, a lamb, and goeth early to her sleep. She should be in bed above."

For a moment I said naught, looking on him and wondering. I was not in need of his gold, damn him——

"What looking maid is she?" said I. "As like her daddy as two peas," said I, jeering. "Rip me, am I to risk

a golden fortune for a girl with a parsley face and carrots?"

"Sir, she hath a skin like a peach, she hath blue eyes; her face is cream; her hair is like waving amber," says he, with enthusiasm. "But I swear you shall see her, if you will consent."

Again was I silent, whistling a stave unto myself, but, sink me, I knew not what to make of it. Yea I was in the mind to think shame of this unnatural father that would barter his daughter for his gold. He hung upon me whilst I pondered.

"Well"——I began at last, taking up the dice, but in good sooth I scarce knew what I would say; but he, whose face had been working all the time, and at the back of whose sordid brain the thoughts and fears had been driving like mice in a wainscotting, broke in quickly.

"Nay, nay; I will exchange," he cried feverishly. "I will not toss. 'Tis unseemly, and against law," he says, "to put all fortune to the fall of a die. But I will make a bargain with ye. You shall take my daughter, exchange her against the gold."

"Bah!" said I, throwing down the dice, so that they scattered on the floor. "Bah, you limb of Beelzebub! You would sell your own flesh and blood, your own innocent lamb, your ewe-lamb, your lambkin that dances among the flowers. Pah, you old satyr, there's none so foul as you, I'll warrant, even in the purlieus of London town!"

"You will not?" he cried. "You refuse?"

"Aye, a thousand times, you muckworm!" I said, and rapped on the table loudly with my barker. "Forth, then, with your treasury. Disgorge, old satyr, or I will blow your carcase into slithers. Up, man, and deliver!"

I shouted this aloud in my anger at his baseness; and then turned my head sharply, for a noise caught my ears. It came from a door t'other side of the room, and I fastened my eyes on it. As I did so it opened, and there was a light on the stairs and behind the light a figure of a woman, robed in some white night-rail, and a white and frightened face above it, crowned with golden hair.

"Damn my boots!" said I, open-mouthed at this apparition.

"Joan! Ah, Joan, my dear!" cooed the old man.

"S'life!" cried I, and gaped again, for, if you will believe me, 'twas no other than the girl I had met in the tavern that had looked so sweetly on me, and was with the young schoolmaster.

"Father, what is this? Are you ill?" she asked, and then her eyes travelling across the intervening space to me, she cried out in fear.

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R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 467 Mail Building, TORONTO.

"Mistress Joan," said I, recalling my wits, "you need fear naught from me. 'Twas a point of argument your father and I had together. I pray you, go back to your slumbers in security, my pretty."

"Ah, is she not pretty?" whispered the old fiend, nearing me.

"Get you gone," said I curtly to him. "Get you away, lest I forget your age, and strike you."

"What is it, sir?" says the girl Joan, coming down a step into the room. "Why speak you so roughly to my father?"

At that a notion came to me, seeing her there in her beauty the more enhanced by her nocturnal habit and so said I with a sharp cunning to old hunks.

"Get you away, fool. I would have some talk with her."

"Yes, yes," said he eagerly, as if seeing his wishes carried forth, and the gold reclaimed; and he made off. But I was wise enough to see him locked safely in a further room. Then I motioned to Miss for a stroll down the garden path.

"Oh, what is all this sir?" she demanded fearfully.

"My angel, 'tis a clear case of rum-padding," said I briskly with a long congee to her. "But I swear you shall sit in Paradise, and be no worse for it a whit—only old stingy sobersides yonder."

"I do not understand, sir," says she, looking puzzled. "Have you robbed my father?"

"You may call it that," I answered. "All that he hath is mine. But 'tis you I want," I said. "You with your pretty eyes and little smiles, and cajoling humors."

"Sir," she drew back afraid. "I do not know—I—'Tis but a jest. Oh, you cannot mean it."

"Why, tis all agreed 'twixt old hunks and me," I said, encouraging her to lose her fears.

She leaned back against the wall as if in a faint. "But I am promised, sir, to—oh," she wrung her hands, "I cannot understand this. I fear you. And I thought you had so generous a face!"

Now this touched me on the raw, and 'twas plain also that I had mistook her, and that she was other than her smiles and glances would prove her. Lord, 'tis as hard to know women as 'tis to win a battle. But I have sharper eyes than most men, and I soon spied what was wrong. She was indeed the innocent her miserable father had proclaimed her. And, faith, she loved young Sheep-face and was true to him. But that's the silly way of women. So said I, in a whimsical voice:

"Well, maybe I know when a bar-

gain should be dropped, and I'll keep that face you speak of, Mistress Joan."

"What bargain?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Why, 'twas an exchange of beauty for gold, and well worth it; so you can keep that for smiles in your mirror."

"With my father? You? A bargain?" she exclaimed, her face moving with wonder and then dismay; and then, as I was silent, she flushed red, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, he hath outraged me," she cried. "Oh, 'tis the last, the very last and worst that I could bear!"

It was like the cry of a child that is hurt and hath no refuge from the hurt.

"He is a dung-fork not worth tears," said I, consolingly. But she wept on. "Look you here, mistress," I said, "there is this schoolmaster of yours, and damme, I will set you up with your father's gold. He has lost his all to me, and I will exact it from him to the uttermost farthing."

"My father's gold!" she said, and stared. There was a change on her face, and she drew back. "The gold you have stolen from him!" she exclaimed.

"Rot me, 'tis better with you than with him," I said, with some impatience at such scruples.

She shook her head. "Perhaps you mean me well," she said dolefully, "I know not. But I may not take that which is wickedly taken."

The girl put me out of temper, and I saw now pretty clearly that she was not such a doxy as would have served me. But she was handsome enough, and appealing too, like a helpless kitten. And I was come to an end of my enduradce.

"Oh, well," said I, taking a sudden resolution to be quit of all at a blow, "have it your own way. But I am master of the situation, and will do what I will with my own."

I went to the door of the room where the miser was, and unlocked it.

"Come forth," I said. "We may now come to terms."

He came out, with a brightened face, looking at one and the other of us.

"You will take her?" he hoarsely whispered.

"Aye," said I, "I will give ye back your money for her, and here 'tis."

I slapped the purse and the bag upon the table, which he greedily seized on.

"And now the girl's mine," I said.

"Yes, yes," he assented, counting up his guineas, to see if they were right; but Miss looked on with a mighty scared face.

"Why, then," said I, "if she be mine, she is mine to do what I will with."

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"Yes, yes," said he, still counting.

"You shall set that down on paper," I said, and forthwith made him furnish the implements of the craft.

"Sir!"—began the girl, trembling, but I hushed her with my hand.

"Mistress, by this token, duly signed, ye're mine," I said, lifting the document. "And so I can dispose of you as I will. So go you to your jackanapes of a schoolmaster, and weep on his bosom," I said.

She gaped; and the old man's jaw dropped.

"'Tis a trick," he began in a shrill and wheezy voice.

"If you shut not your mouth I will close it by other means," I cried. "You have your money, which is more to you than flesh and blood. And the innocent beauty is mine to bestow. She shall go to her lover, if I say so."

He was silent, and then resumed furtively on his guineas. But the girl came towards me, white of face. "I misunderstood you, sir—you are" ——She stopped.

"Here's your liberty—here's your warrant," I said, giving her the paper her father had signed. "And what happiness you may get by exchanging a skinflint for a popinjay take a God's name."

And with that I went to the door, leaving her dazed, and the old man hanging over his treasure.

I mounted the mare and rode off, tickled with myself at my neat behavior; for I have never gotten out of a difficulty with more grace than on that occasion; and I have been in many a one in my time.

Books and Their Makers

Continued from page 156

studies of nature in each succeeding season. Mr. Armbrest, known before as the writer of charming nature studies for magazines and periodicals, has a genius for seeing nature and perceiving it. He is no example of Eyes and No-Eyes, for not only does he see but he observes. The tree, the stream, the mountain, the dale, and God's creatures have a fascinating interest for him which he manages to convey to others. Thus started Charles G. D Roberts, F. St. Mars, and latterly S. T. Wood. We can do with more people who aim to preach the beauties of the things around us and who do so so successfully that their texts remain with us to our joy and benefit. This book is illustrated by capital photographs by the author, and the publishers, William Briggs, Toronto, have turned out an exceptionally nice piece of book-making. The appeal of "The Beechwoods" should not only be because of its subject, the moods of nature, but also because it is Canadian and, too, because it is put up in gift-book style. We congratulate Mr. Armbrest and his publishers on "The Beechwoods."

OUR POET OF BEAUTY

REVERTING, if I may, for a moment to the output of Canadian poetry in book form this year, a collection of Marjorie Pickthall's verse, under the title of "The Lamp of Poor Souls" comes from the Oxford Press, Toronto. No one can read these poems without agreeing that Miss Pickthall is our national poet of beauty. We can claim her, for though she was not born in Canada she was partially educated here and at any rate came to Canada at a time when her mentality was plastic enough to be moulded, along lines more akin to Canadian than to English. This book comprises those pieces of Miss Pickthall's verse which formerly appeared in "The Drift of Pinions," now out of print, together with several newer ones. Some of the poems have a sombre beauty and a quiet philosophy rare even in the excellence of present day singers. Consider, for example, "Dimitte Mortuos":—

Remember? Nay they'll not remember
Long, ere the spark
Of every breath-warmed, love-lit ember
Die in the dark.

Grieve? Would you burden them with grieving?
Tears, while you slept?
Or is this haunted world you're leaving
Worthily wept?

Here on the shore, the sweet sea's giving
Has left, O man,
A flower of pearl, a flake, outliving
Thy loftiest span.

Raise, with the hand that death is taking,
The brimming shell,
And wish them, half twixt sleep and waking,
Hail and farewell.

The imagery of this poet is like the varied and intricate and altogether splendid tracery that the branches of many trees make with the sky above them.

The beauty of poetic form which Miss Pickthall's verse displays, in my humble judgment, far more than any other Canadian poet, is of the quiet and sombre kind. It is the still and soft beauty rather than the florid handsomeness marked in the work of some others. There is nothing bold and challenging about it. And it has that half regretful and near-fatalistic turn. You see it too in "Vale" and "An

Epitaph." Yet she too can strike the note of joyful praise and her reader feels her creed that it is indeed good to be alive.

"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

Her power of apt quotation is striking. She is rich in classic allusion and rich, too, in its perennial suitability, which can't be said of every writer who rings in some cloistered ancient. "The Little Fauns to Prosperine" is a piece of verse which will live for this reason.

But everything Marjorie Pickthall writes will live!

Tommy Canuck After the Great War

Continued from page 143

5 cents a piece, and beef and mutton prices hard in their wake have anything but a depressing effect on farmers. His bank credit is as good as he sets out to make it and the products of his labor find a quick market for cash. The tendencies and influences that bear on his life and the life of his children are not those that abide in sordidness, poverty and dirt. His is a man's job—not a job of wits and schemes and it leaves no remorse behind. If he misses some of life's frivolities, depend upon it, the compensations are great.

The soldier also comes home from war will bring along with him a deep grounded sense of values, and it is questionable if he will willingly submerge himself in the froth that fringes cities —at least that is what I seem to have read in the tired eyes of many of those who have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Current Events

Continued from page 160

economy made great fortunes for themselves. There is no reason why any grasping persons who have done far less good to the world should be allowed to appropriate this good boon for their own enrichment. Next to taxing swollen profits out of the hands of such people, the most practicable thing would be to make cold storage a matter of public ownership and management. The producer of perishable foodstuffs would then be able to store his products and market them in a leisurely manner, instead of having to surrender them at the low prices offered at the critical moment, or have them perish on his hands. If he needs the money he ought to be able to obtain warehouse receipts that will serve his purpose for the time being.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

The War's Magnitude

THE magnitude of the present war is not better illustrated than by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., a distinguished British soldier, and Lord Kitchener's successor as commander in chief in India, who contributes an interesting article on "The Battle of the Somme," to the *Weekly Dispatch*. Referring to the number of men in action on the Somme front, General Creagh says:

"According to the French accounts the German line is defended in places by as much as a divisoin every thousand yards, say 14,000 bayonets. This would give us a total of 52 divisions, or roughly 725,000 men, for the whole Somme front, a figure which squares with the assumption that half the forces the Germans have in the west have been attracted to this zone of fighting. We are told that the Germans have about 120 divisions on the Anglo-French front; half of these is, of course, 60 divisions. I do not think, therefore, we are wrong in assuming that on the enemy's side between 700,000 and 800,000 men are striving to hold the Allied advance towards Bapaume-Peronne.

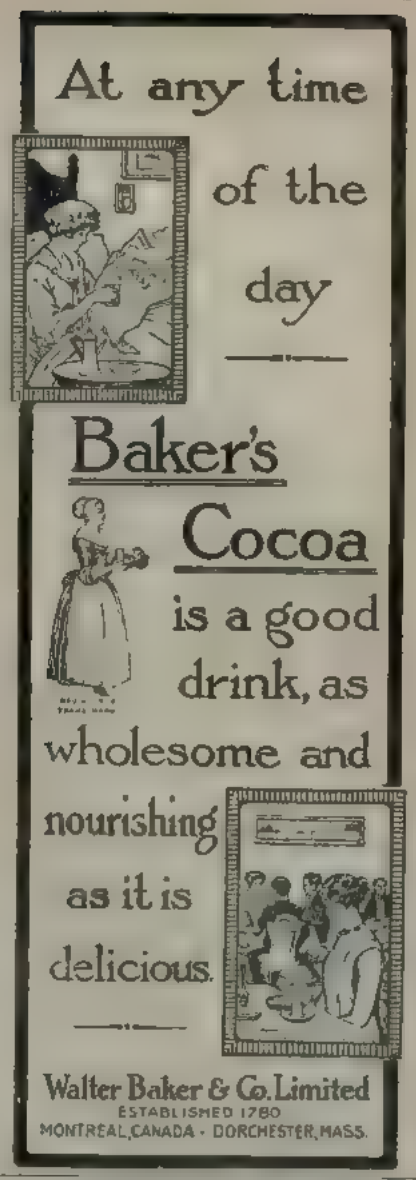
"The Allies have at least the same number of men, so that we get the colossal total of a million and a half men engaged in the one battle, not counting the many thousands required to carry on the subsidiary services in the rear. The Germans are said to be using 2,000 guns on this thirty-mile front. I take this total to be much under-estimated rather than overstated. I shall not be surprised to find in all some 10,000 guns of various calibre engaged in the battle.

"Keeping this idea of a million and a half men and 10,000 guns shaping the proportions of the Somme battle, let us see what history has to offer us by way of contrast. Napoleon at Dresden had 120,000 men against 220,000 men; at Leipsic he had 160,000 against 230,000

"The field of Waterloo extended but two miles, from the Chateau of Hougomont on the right to La Haye Sainte on the left, or as far as the average front the British or the French have been attacking since July 1 every morning. In this campaign Napoleon had about 200,000 men and 350 guns, against Wellington's 105,000 men and Blucher's 142,000 men and 234 guns.

"Napoleon entered Russia in 1812 with 647,000 men and 1,372 guns, or with fewer men than the Germans require to man their Bapaume-Peronne defences and certainly far fewer guns."

So if the casualties from the Somme have seemed overwhelming to the people of Great Britain as well as to Canadians comments *The Stratford*



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Herald., the immense number of the men employed on this front must be borne in mind, as well as the fact that the mortality has been small as compared with that around Ypres, at Loos, Festubert, Givenchy and Neuve Chapelle. Neither does the mortality on the Somme begin to compare with that which characterized the Gallipoli expedition. Another satisfactory aspect is that the number of lightly wounded is the principal feature of the medical side of the Somme fighting.

A Memorable Anniversary

IT is now more than a year since the murder of Edith Cavell shocked the world, and one of the few Canadian papers that recalled the anniversary is the Saskatoon *Phoenix* which observes:

One would have thought from the noble example set by this brave woman that the anniversary of her death would have been almost universally remembered. Yet hardly a newspaper in Canada even recorded the date as worthy of special mention. A correspondent to "The Nursing Mirror," an Old Country publication, wrote prior to October 13th, "May I suggest that October 13, the anniversary of the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, be observed as a special day of intercession to Almight God for all nurses working both at home and abroad, that they may have courage, self-control, patience and strengthening of faith in a Higher Power given to them?"

The date cannot have been generally celebrated or else the event escaped all publicity.

The chief memorial to Miss Cavell to-day exists in Manchester Cathedral, where there is a brass plate underneath the painted window and plate to the memory of General Gordon. The plate to the memory of Miss Cavell reads "To the memory of Miss Edith Cavell this tablet is erected in appreciation of her work in Manchester. By command of the German military authorities she was executed in Brussels on the night of October 13, 1915."

May the nurses now in the service of the Empire be stimulated by her great example!

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 149.

It was the waiter, but the waiter strangely transformed. His eyes were shinging with excitement, and, yes, with something besides excitement. There were tears in them.

"Play that once more," he said, though his lips were trembling so that he could scarcely command the utterance.

"What was it I played?" I asked, and then by way of explaining the apparent folly of the question, added: "I was thinking of something else, and really don't know myself."

"That wonderful second variation," he said. "I haven't heard it—" and then he trailed off into a jargon of speech in a language which I instinctively called "German," but could not understand.

His words were enough, however, to recall what I had been playing, and as I proceeded to obey him, the name "Beethoven," and the opus number of the sonata came clearly back to my mind. I played on and on in a sort of daze. The past was opening up behind me so rapidly! Such a horde of names and melodies of strange unclassified associations came pouring in on me that it is no wonder I was bewildered.

The necessity for going out and finding a job was forgotten. I had forgotten where I was. I only knew that my old unknown self was awaking, was busy with his memories, was wandering in the labyrinth of the past. Ah! if he could but find his way out.

The sound of footsteps recalled me to the present. My waiter was approaching in company with another man, a stocky, low-browed person, with a red face and long, well-oiled mustache, and what passed for a diamond in an expanse of very dirty shirt-front.

He did not speak to me at once, but began rummaging through a heap of soiled and shabby music sheets which lay on the piano. Presently he found what he wanted and spread it open before me on the rack.

"Play that," he said.

I glanced at it indifferently. It appeared to be a stupid and rather inane composition in highly syncopated time.

"You really want to hear it?" I asked.

He stared at me.

"No, I don't want to hear it," he said, "I want to hear if you can play it. This waiter, here, he came to me nearly throwed into a fit about how you could bang the box. If you can rattle off that rag you'll do."

"I get the idea," said I. "You want to see if I can play it."

"That's what I want to see," he answered.

For a moment my mind worked fast. Obviously here was a chance for a job—but such a job! Yet, I reflected, what chance had I for anything better? Where could I get employment expect in some such way as this without accounting for myself, telling who I was, where I came from, what previous employment I had had? I might be able to invent a past, perhaps, but I could not forge references.

On the other hand, the piano seemed

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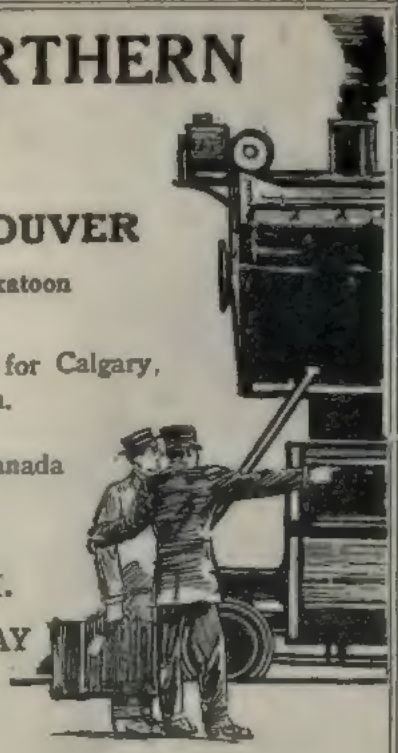

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to offer me a key that might serve to pick the lock of my mystery. In a moment I had taken my decision.

"I get a job, then, if I can play this?" I asked.

"That's what I am telling you," he said impatiently. "It ain't the regular job, though, you understand. You're to spell off the other fellow between shows."

"Well and good," said I.

Then on the spur of the moment I decided to dazzle him a little. I ran my eye over the wretched composition on the rack before me. Then I closed it and tossed it back on top of the piano. I checked his profane exclamation with up-raised hand.

"Listen," said I. And then I played it through, played it, I am willing to bet, as that particular piece of claptrap had never been played before.

He listened, his eyes fairly starting out of his head, until I had finished. Then what he took to be the true explanation occurred to him.

"Oh," he said, "you can't play that on me. You knew it."

"No," I said, "I have never seen it before or heard for that matter."

The waiter was nodding his head in solemn wonder. I turned to him for confirmation.

"The melody was stolen from the 'Blue Danube,'" I explained, "and the harmonies amount to nothing. Any man who knew his business could do as much. Isn't that so?"

But the waiter was beyond words. He just went on nodding his head portentously. I also detected signs of excitement in the proprietor. He made me play a dozen different pieces, not toward the end so much to try my powers as to confirm his growing belief that he had made a great find.

"You go on the regular show," he said, after our impromptu musicale had lasted some little time. "You have got that other fellow skinned alive."

That would have been satisfactory had he stopped there, but as it happened, in the rather listless amusement of astonishing him I had gone somewhat too far. I realized this when I found him considering the project of putting me not in his orchestra but on the stage, billed as a great discovery, "The Tramp Pianist."

I tried to argue him out of this idea, but my remonstrances made him all the more determined.

"What're you beefin' about?" he demanded. "You'll get three times as much in your pay envelope, and then maybe one of those wise guys from old Broadway will come dropping in here and the first thing you know you will be drawing a hundred a week at Keith & Proctor's. Didn't you never hear of

Nettie the Lady Baritone? She got her start singing for me."

His view of the matter left me in a rather serious quandary. He had not quite the eye or the bearing of a man upon whose candid good faith one could rely implicitly. If I were even to hint to him that there were reasons why I was anxious to avoid attracting attention, he would probably not be above using the hold upon me which this knowldge gave him to reduce me to a position of daily slavery and terror.

Already he was looking at me curiously, and I could see suspicion in his eye.

Then suddenly the solution of the problem occurred to me. It was so easy and so obvious that I almost laughed aloud.

"See here," I said, taking him confidentially by the elbow and drawing him off a little out of hearing of the waiter. "You don't recognize me, do you?"

He looked a little startled.

"Well, that's not remarkable," I went on, "because I am pretty well disguised. I would not tell it to anybody else, but I am really the Czar of Russia. Now, if you put me up on that stage with my face to the audience, some of these nihilists—"

I broke off there and glanced cautiously at the waiter.

"Do you suppose he is one?" I asked. "Do you suppose he is a spy?"

I could see by his eyes that the trick had worked. He was looking at me with the mixture of fear and contempt which an insane person always inspires in one of his order of mind.

I don't know that my story alone would have convinced him, but it fitted in too well with my unkempt appearance and my otherwise unaccountable performances at the piano for him to doubt it. I was some harmless lunatic escaped from an asylum.

If he could safeguard me from too much attention he stood a chance to keep me and to get my valuable services at the piano at almost no expense; but to put me up on the stage and make a feature of me would, of course, be fatal. No contract that he could get me to sign would protect him against losing me the moment my real identity was dicovered.

"Where do you live?" he demanded.

I made a vague gesture.

"I am not at my palace now," said I.

"Well, now," he said, using grotesquely enough the coaxing tone in which people address children, "well, now, you stay here and live with me. I will board you free, and I will pay you two dollars per day. Does that go?"

And that was how I got a job.

To be continued.

MADE IN A MOMENT

OXO CUBES exactly meet the needs of all classes of the community. They are so handy, and good for so many purposes and occasions that, like money, they are "at home" in every kind of house however large—however small.

They are ready in a moment, and with hot water provide a nourishing drink which, with bread or biscuits, will sustain for hours.

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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

CANADA

NATIONAL SERVICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

R. B. BENNETT,
Director General.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE CARD

1. What is your full name?..... 2. How old are you?..... years.

3. Where do you live? Province.....
4. Name of city, town, village or Post Office } .....
Street..... Number.....

5. In what country were you born? } .....
6. In what country was your father born? } .....
7. In what country was your mother born? } .....
8. Were you born a British subject?.....
9. If not, are you naturalized?.....

10. How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness? } .....
11. Have you full use of your arms?.....
12. Of your legs?..... 13. Of your sight?.....
14. Of your hearing?.....

15. Which are you—married, single or a widower? } .....
16. How many persons besides yourself do you support? } .....

17. What are you working at for a living?.....
18. Whom do you work for?.....
19. Have you a trade or profession?..... 20. If so, what?.....
21. Are you working now?..... 22. If not, why?.....

23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war?.....
24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?.....

GOD SAVE THE KING